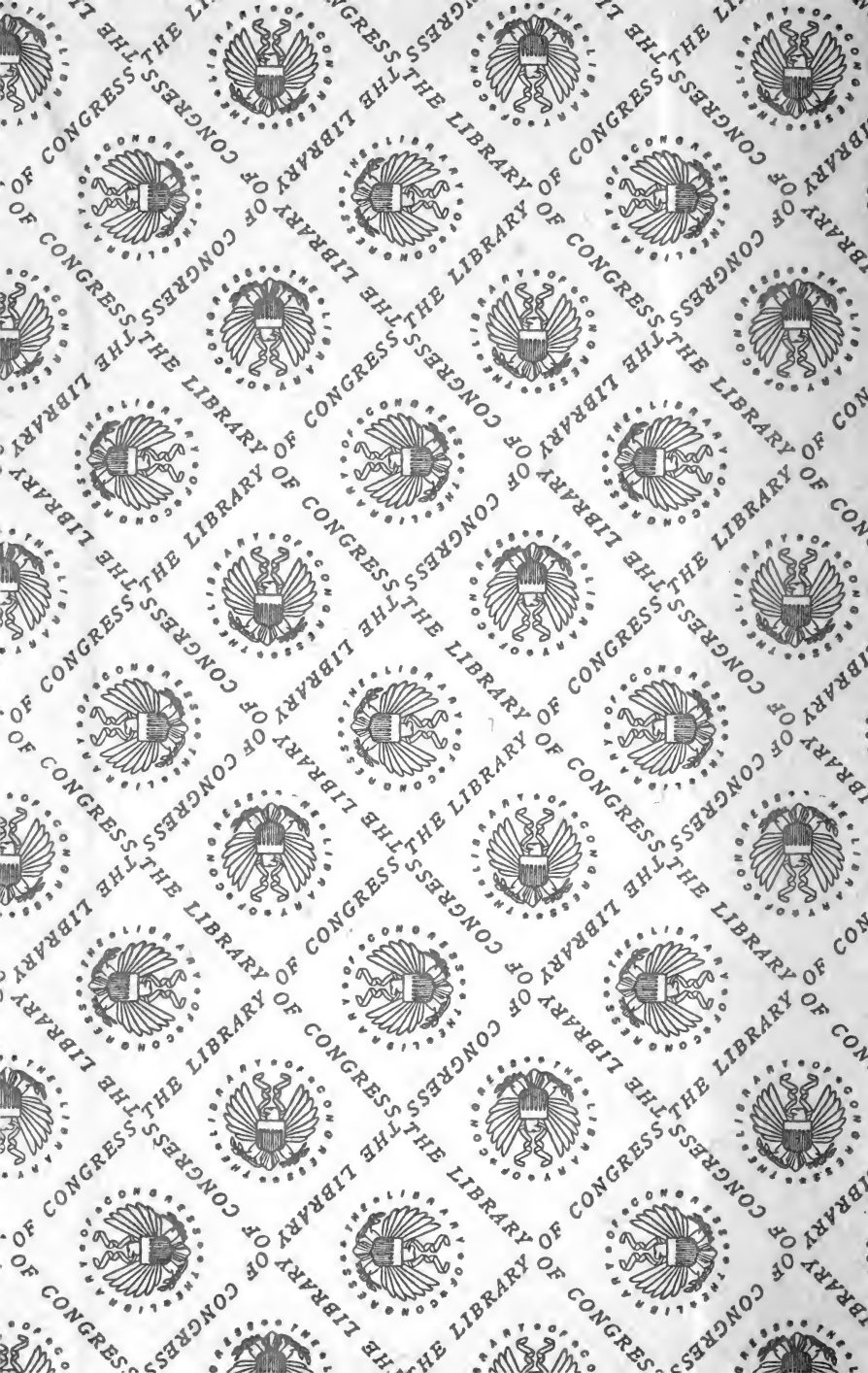


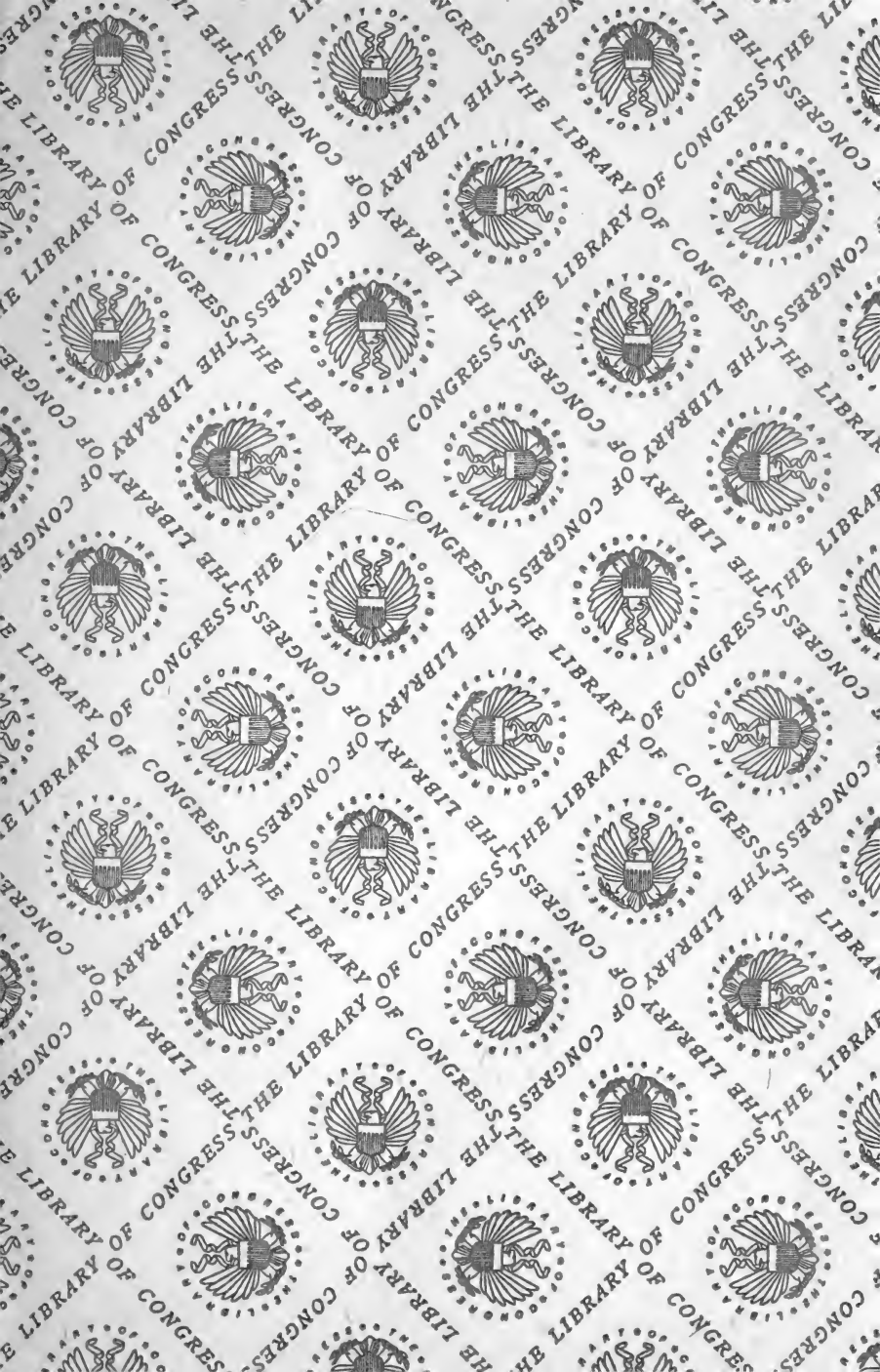
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SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.



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DIE AUSSPRACHE DES SCHRIFTDEUTSCHEN. Mit phonetischen Texten. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 6th ed. 1905. VIII, 119 pp. Paper covers, 1m. 60; boards, 1m. 80.

GERMAN PRONUNCIATION: Practice and Theory. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 3rd ed. 1903. VIII, 137 pp. Paper covers, 1m. 60; cloth, 2m.

DE UITSpraak VAN HET HOOGDUITSCH. Voor Nederlanders bewerkt door W. Viëtor en T. G. G. Valette. Haarlem: *de Erven F. Bohn*. 2nd revised ed. 1902. IV, 48 pp. Paper covers, 50cts.

DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH IN LAUTSCHRIFT. Leipzig: *Teubner*. Part I. 2nd ed. 1904. XII, 158 pp. Part II. 1902. VI, 139 pp. Cloth, 3 m. each.

SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION



A SHAKESPEARE READER

*IN THE OLD SPELLING
AND WITH A PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION*

BY

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OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, &c.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounced it to you . . ."



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PREFACE.

IN order to illustrate what I believe to be the pronunciation of Shakespeare, I have selected a variety of extracts for *viva voce* reading from Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, and from all the plays in the first Folio, with the exception of The Comedy of Errors, Henry VI., Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. I venture to hope that the familiar passages here presented in a phonetic form will thus gain a new antiquarian interest, without losing anything of their old power and charm. In spite of the deplorable state of the text and other difficulties I have not resisted the temptation to include in this unpretending "Shakespeare revival" part of the amusing French scene in Henry V.

My sincerest thanks are due to Lektor H. Smith, M. A., of Marburg, and to Dr. A. Buchenau, of Darmstadt, for the trouble they have taken in helping to secure the typographical correctness of the texts. Most of the sheets have also been kindly revised by Herr stud. phil. W. Schwank and Herr stud. phil. F. Tischner.

MARBURG, July 1906.

W. V.

ABBREVIATIONS.

F = (first) Folio.

Q = (first) Quarto.

om. = omitted.

Q₂ = second Quarto.

Other contractions do not require any explanation.

KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION.

(Reprinted from A Shakespeare Phonology, §§ 4, 6 and 7.)

* * The phonetic notation is that of the Association
Phonétique Internationale.

VOWELS.

<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Mixed.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>High.</i> i:, i, ij, iu		u:, u, uw
<i>Mid.</i> e:, e, eu	ə	o:, o, oi, ou
<i>Low.</i> æ:, æ, æi		a:

Shakespearian Sounds. Modern Sounds.[i:] in *be* = Northern E. *e* in *be*; no after-glide.[i] » *lip* = *i* in *lip*.[ij] » *by* = exaggerated London E. (and usual
Cockney) *e* in *be*.[iu] » *due* = *u* in *due*; the first element stressed.[e:] » *sea* = Northern E. *ea* in *bearing*.[e] » *let* = *e* in *let*.[eu] » *few* = *e* in *let* followed by *oo* in *too*; the first
element stressed.[æ:] » *name* = *a* in *can*, long.[æ] » *can* = *a* in *can*; the less palatal Northern E.
variety.

- [æi] » *day* = *a* in *can* followed by *e* in *be*; opener than *ay* in *day*.
- [a:] » *saw* = Northern E. and Cockney *a* in *father*.
- [o:] » *go* = less open than *aw* in *saw*; like the first element of *ow* in *own*.
- [o] » *on* = less open than *o* in *on*.
- [oi] » *joy* = *oy* in *joy*; the first element, however, less open.
- [ou] » *own* = *ow* in *own* (cf. [o:]).
- [u:] in *too* = Northern E. *oo* in *too*; no after-glide.
- [u] » *up* = *u* in *put*.
- [uw] » *how* = exaggerated London E. *oo* in *too*.

All the vowels, when unstressed, are more or less obscured, verging on [ə] (which is now used for *a* in *about*, *o* in *bishop*, &c.).

CONSONANTS.

	<i>Labial.</i>	<i>Dental.</i>	<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>Stops.</i>	b-p	d-t		g-k
<i>Nasals.</i>	m	n		ŋ
<i>Liquids.</i>		l, r		
<i>Continuants.</i>	w, v-f	ð-θ, z-s, ʒ-ʃ	j-ç	x

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A SHAKESPEARE READER.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following texts are printed from the first Quarto of each of the poems, and from the first Folio of the plays respectively. Mistakes have been corrected in the text, the original readings, except in the case of irrelevant irregularities in punctuation and the like, being given in a note.

In accordance with the companion volume, *A Shakespeare Phonology*, the phonetic transcription is intentionally general and simple. As word and sentence stress are wholly or mostly the same as in present English, and as occasional deviations in word stress are sufficiently indicated by the metre, they have not been marked. Similarly, weak vowels have not been distinguished from the corresponding strong vowels; thus [æ] is used for [ǣ] as well as for [æ], *ago* e. g. appearing as [ægo:], i. e. [ǣ'go:], and almost [ə'go:]. Phonetic doublets have been only sparingly added. Fluctuations in quantity are pointed out by inserting (:) into the text. Where the (:) is restricted to riming words, as in the case of *love* = [lu(:)v], the meaning is that Shakespeare possibly deviated from his regular form in order to improve the rime.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

LOUE comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
800 But lufts effect is tempeft after funne,
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,
Lufts winter comes, ere fommer halfe be donne:
Loue furfets not, luft like a glutton dies:
Loue is all truth, luft full of forged lies.

* * *

LO here the gentle larke wearie of reft,
From his moyft cabinet mounts vp on hie,
855 And wakes the morning, from whose filuer brest,
The funne arifeth in his maieftie,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Ceader tops and hils, feeme burnisht gold.

Venus falutes him with this faire good morrow,
860 Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,
From whom ech lamp, and fhining ftar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a sonne that fuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeft lend to other.

865 This fayd, ſhe hafteth to a mirtle groue,
Mufing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
870 And all in haſt ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

Iuv kumforteθ lijk sunsijn æfter ræin,
 but lusts efekt iz tempest æfter sun; 800
 Iuvz dzent,l sprin duθ a:l wæiz fres remæin,
 lusts winter kumz e:r sumer hæf bi dun;
 Iuv surfets not, lust lijk æ gluton dijs;
 Iuv iz a:l triuθ, lust ful ov fordzed Iijz.

* * *

Io:, he:r de dzent,l lærk, we:ri ov rest,
 from his moist kæbinet muwnts up on hij,
 ænd wæ:ks de mornin, from hwu:z silver brest 855
 de sun ærijzeθ in hiz mædzestij;
 hwu: duθ de world so glo:rriusli bihould,
 dæt se:der-tops ænd hilz si:m burnift gould.

ve:nus sæliuts him wið dis fæir gud-moro: :
 "o: duw kle:r god, ænd pætron ov a:l lijt, 860
 from hwu:m e:tf læmp ænd sijniȝ stær duθ boro:
 de beutius influens dæt mæ:ks him brijt,
 der livz æ sun dæt sukt æn e(:)rθli muder,
 mæi lend di: lijt, æz duw dust lend tu uder."

dis sæid, si hæ(:)steθ tu æ mirt,l gro:v, 865
 miuziȝ de mornin iz so mutf o:r worn,
 ænd jit si he:rz no tijdiȝ ov her lu(:)v :
 si hærk,nz for hiz huwndz ænd for hiz horn:
 ænon si he:rz dem t:fænt it lustilij,
 ænd a:l in hæ(:)st si ko:steθ tu de krij. 870

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
 Some twine¹ about her thigh to make her stay,
 She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,
 875 Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake.

* *

SHE lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
 1125 She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,
 As if they heard the woſull words ſhe told:
 She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
 Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darkneſſe lies.

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, her ſelfe beheld
 1130 A thouſand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
 And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
 Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
 That thou being dead, the day ſhuld yet be light.

1185 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
 Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
 It ſhall be wayted on with iealouſie,
 Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauorie end,
 Nere ſetled equally, but high or lo,
 1140 That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.
 It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
 Bud, and be blaſted, in a breathing while,
 The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtrawd
 With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,
 1145 The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
 Strike the wife dumbe, and teach the foole to ſpeake.

¹ twin'd.

ænd æz fi runz, ðe bufez in ðe wæi
 sum kætf her bij ðe nek, sum kis her fæ:s,
 sum twijn æbuwt her θij tu mæ:k her stæi:
 fi wijldli bre:keθ from ðæir strikt imbræ:s,
 lijk æ miltf do:, hwu:z sweliŋ dugz du æ:k, 875
 hæ(:)stiŋ tu fi:d her fa:n hid in sum bræ:k.

* *

fi lurks upon hiz lips, ænd ðæi ær pæ:l;
 fi tæ:ks him bij ðe hænd, ænd ðæt iz kould;
 fi hwisperz in hiz e:rz æ he(:)vi tæ:l, 1125
 æz if ðæi hærd ðe wo:ful wordz fi tould;
 fi lifts ðe kofer-lidz ðæt klo:z hiz iyz,
 hwe:r, lo:, tu: læmps, burnt uwt, in dærknes lijz;

tu: glæsez, hwe:r herself herself biheld
 æ θuwzænd tijmz, ænd nuw no mo:r reflekt; 1130
 ðæir vertiu lost, hwe:rin ðæi læ:t ekseld,
 ænd ev(e)ri beuti robd ov hiz efekt:

“wunder ov tijm,” kwoθ fi:, “ðis iz mij ſpijt,
 ðæt, ðuw bi:ŋ ded, ðe ðæi fu:ld jit bi lijt.

“sins ðuw ært ded, lo:, he:r ij profesij: 1135
 soro: on luv he:ræfter ſæl ætend:
 it ſæl bi wæited on wið dzelusij,
 fijnd swi:t biginiŋ, but unsæ:v(o)ri end,
 ne:r setled e:kwæli, but hij or lo:,
 ðæt a:l luvz ple(:)ziur ſæl not mætſ hiz wo:. 1140

“it ſæl bi fik,l, fa:ls, ænd ful ov fra:d,
 bud ænd bi blæsted in æ bre:ðiŋ-hwi:l;
 ðe botom poiz,n, ænd ðe top o:rstra:d
 wið swi:ts ðæt ſæl ðe triuest sijt bigijl:
 de strongest bodi ſæl it mæ:k mo:st we:k, 1145
 strijk ðe wijz dum ænd tæ:tf ðe fu:l tu ſpe:k.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the meafures,
 The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
 1150 Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treafures,
 It shall be raging mad, and fillie milde,
 Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
 It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
 1155 It shall be mercifull, and too leueare,
 And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,
 Peruerse it shall be, where it shoves most toward,
 Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euent,
 1160 And set diffention twixt the sonne, and fire,
 Subiect, and seruill to all discontents:
 As drie combustious matter is to fire,
 Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
 They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

1165 By this the boy that by her side laie kild,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,
 A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
 1170 Which in round drops, vpon their whitenesse stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel,
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
 And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
 Since he himselfe is reft from her by death;
 1175 She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

"it fæl bi spæ:riŋ ænd tu: ful ov rijot,
 te:tʃiŋ dekrepit æ:dʒ tu tre(:)d de me(:)ziurz;
 de stæ:riŋ rufiæn fæl it ki:p in kwijet,
 pluk duwn de ritʃ, inritʃ de pu:r wið tre(:)ziurz; 1150
 it fæl bi ræ:ɔ:ŋ-mæd ænd sili-mijld,
 mæ:k de juŋ ould, de ould bikum æ tʃijld.

"it fæl suspekt hwe:r iz no ka:z ov fe:r;
 it fæl not fe:r hwe:r it ʃu:ld mo:st mistrust;
 it fæl bi mersiful ænd tu: sever, 1155
 ænd mo:st dese:viŋ hwen it si:mz mo:st dʒust;
 pervers it fæl bi hwe:r it ʃouz mo:st towærd,
 put fe:r tu væler, kurædz tu de kuwærd.

"it fæl bi ka:z ov wær ænd dijr events,
 ænd set disensjōn twikst de sun ænd sijr; 1160
 subdʒekt ænd servil tu a:l diskontents,
 æz drij kombustjūs mæter iz tu fi:r:
 siθ in hiz prijm de(:)θ duθ mij luv destroi,
 ðæi ðæt luv best ðæir luvz fæl not indʒoi."

bij ðis, de boi ðæt bij her sijð læi kild 1165
 wæz melted lijk æ væ:por from her sijt,
 ænd in hiz blud ðæt on de gruwnd læi spild,
 æ purp,l fluwr spruŋ up, tʃekred wið hwijt,
 rezembliŋ wel hiz pæ:l tʃi:ks ænd de blud
 hwitʃ in ruwnd drops upon ðæir hwijtnes stud. 1170

ʃi buwz her hed, de niu-spruŋ fluwr tu smel,
 kompæ:riŋ it tu her ædo:nis bre(:)θ,
 ænd sæiz, widin her bu:zom it fæl dwel,
 sins hi: himself iz reft from her bij de(:)θ:
 ʃi krops de sta:k, ænd in de bre:tʃ æpe:rz 1175
 gri:n dropiŋ sæp, hwitʃ ʃi kompæ:rz tu te:rz.

Poore floure (quoth he) this was thy fathers guife,
 Sweet iffue of a more sweet smelling fire,
 For euerie little grieve to wet his eies,
 1180 To grow vnto himfelfe was his defire;
 And fo tis thine, but know it is as good,
 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,
 Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
 1185 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;
 There shall not be one minute in an houre,
 - Wherein I wil not kisse my sweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 1190 And yokes her filuer doues, by whose swift aide,
 Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,
 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
 Meanes to immure her felfe, and not be feen.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THOSE that much couet are with gaine so fond,
 135 That what they haue not, that which they possesse
 They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,
 Or gaining more, the profite of excesse
 Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,
 140 That they proue banckrout in this poore rich gain.

"pu:r fluwr," kwoθ fi; "ðis wæz ðij fæderz gijz—
 swi:t isiu ov æ mo:r swi:t-smeliŋ sijr—
 for ev(e)ri lit,l gri:f tu wet hiz ijz:
 tu gro: unto himself wæz hiz dezijr, 1180
 ænd so: tiz ðijn; but kno:, it iz æs gud
 tu wider in mij brest æz in hiz blud.

"he:r wæz ðij fæderz bed, he:r in mij brest;
 ðuw ært ðe nekst ov blud, ænd tiz ðij rijt:
 lo:, in ðis holo: kræ:d,l tæ:k ðij rest, 1185
 mij θrobiŋ hært fæl rok ði ðæi ænd ni:t:
 ðer fæl not bi o:n miniut in æn uwr
 hwe:rin ij wil not kis mij swi:t luvz fluwr."

ðus we:ri ov ðe world, æwæi fi hijz,
 ænd jo:ks her silver ðuvz; bij hwu:z swift æid 1190
 ðæir mistres muwnted θru: ðe empti skijz
 in her lijt tʃæriot kwikli iz konvæid;
 houldiŋ ðæir ku:rs tu pæ:fos, hwe:r ðæir kwi:n
 me:nz tu imiur herzelf ænd not bi si:n.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

ðo:z ðæt mutʃ kuvet ær wið gæin so fond,
 ðæt hwæt ðæi hæ:v not, ðæt hwitʃ ðæi pozes 1195
 ðæi skæter ænd unlus it from ðæir bond,
 ænd so:, bij ho:piŋ mo:r, ðæi hæ:v but les;
 or, gæiniŋ mo:r, ðe profit ov ekses
 iz but tu surfet, ænd sutʃ gri:fʃ sustæin,
 ðæt ðæi pru:v bæŋkruwt in ðis pu:r-ritʃ gæin. 1200

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,
 With honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:
 145 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
 Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:
 150 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
 In hauing much torments vs with defect
 Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect
 The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

* * *

HER lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,
 Coofning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:
 Who therefore angrie seemes to part in funder,
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.
 390 Betweene whose hils her head intombed is;
 Where like a vertuous Monument shee lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
 On the greene couerlet whose perfect white
 395 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
 With pearlie swet resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,
 And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorne the day.

ðe æim ov a:l iz but tu nurs ðe lijf
 wið onor, welθ, ænd e:z, in wæ:niŋ æ:dz;
 ænd in ðis æim ðer iz sutŋ θwærtiŋ strijŋ,
 ðæt o:n for a:l, or a:l for o:n wi gæ:dz;
 æz lijf for onor in fel bæ:t,lz rædz; 145
 onor for welθ; ænd oft ðæt welθ duθ kost
 ðe de(:)θ ov a:l, ænd a:ltugeder lost.

so ðæt in ventriŋ il wi le:v tu bi:
 ðe θiŋz wi æ:r for ðæt hwitŋ wi ekspekt;
 ænd ðis æmbisius fuwl infirmiti:, 150
 in hæ:viŋ mutŋ, torments us wið defekt
 ov ðæt wi hæ:v: so ðen wi du neglekt
 ðe θiŋ wi hæ:v; ænd a:l for wænt ov wit,
 mæ:k sumθiŋ noθiŋ bij a:gmentiŋ it.

* * *

her lili hænd her ro:zi tŋi:k lijz under,
 kuzniŋ ðe pilo: ov æ la:ful kis;
 hwu:, ðe:rfor æŋgri, si:mz tu pært in sunder,
 sweliŋ on e:der sijd tu wænt hiz blis;
 bitwi:n hwu:z hilz her hed intu:med iz:¹ 390
 hwær, lijk æ vertiūs moniument ŋi lijz,
 tu bi ædmijrd ov leud unhæloud ijz.

widuwt ðe bed her uder fæir hænd wæz,²
 on ðe gri:n kuverlet; hwu:z perfekt hwijt
 ŋoud lijk æn æ:pril ðæizi on ðe græs, 395
 wið perli swe(:)t, rezemблиŋ deu ov niŋt.
 her ijz, lijk mærigouldz, hæð ŋe:dd ðæir lijt,
 ænd kænopid in ðærknes switli læi,
 til ðæi miŋt o:p,n tu ædorn ðe ðæi.

¹ Or is. ² wæs.

400 Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,
 O modest wantons, wanton modestie!
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
 Ech in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,
 405 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
 But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.
 Her breasts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
 A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
 Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
 410 And him by oath they truely honored.
 These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
 Who like a fowle vsurper went about,
 From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

SONNET XVIII.

SHALL I compare thee to a Summers day?
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,
 By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
 10 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'ft,
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'ft in his shade,
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ft,
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

her hæir, lijk gould,n ðre(:)dz,¹ plæid wið her bre(:)θ; 400
o: modest wæntonz! wænton modestij!

fo:ij lijfs trijumf in de mæp ov de(:)θ,
ænd de(:)θs dim luk in lijfs mortælitij:

e:tf in her sli:p ðemselvz so beutifij,

æz if bitwi:n ðem twæin ðer wer no strijf, 405

but ðæt lijf livd in de(:)θ, ænd de(:)θ in lijf.

her brests, lijk iju(o)ri glo:bz sirkled wið bliu,

æ pæir ov mæid,n worldz unkonkered,

sæ:v ov ðæir lord no be:rij jo:k ðæi kniu,

ænd him bij o:θ ðæi triuli onored. 410

de:z worldz in tærkwin niu æmbisïon bred;

hwu:, lijk æ fuwl iuzurper, went æbuwt

from ðis fæir ðro:n tu he:v de ouner uwt.

SONNET XVIII.

ƿæl ij kompæ:r ði tu æ sumerz ðæi?

ðuw ært mo:r luvli ænd mo:r temperæt:

ruf wijndz du ƿæ:k de ðærliŋ budz ov mæi,

ænd sumerz le:s hæθ a:l tu: fort æ ðært:

sumtijm tu: hot de ij ov he(:)v,n ƿijnz, 5

ænd oft,n iz hiz gould kompleksïon dimd;

ænd ev(e)ri fæir from fæir sumtijm dekljnz,

bij ƿæns or næ:tiurz ƿændziŋ kurrs untrimd;

but ðij eternæl sumer ƿæl not fæ:d

nor lu:z pozesïon ov ðæt fæir ðuw oust; 10

nor ƿæl de(:)θ bræg ðuw wændrest in hiz ƿæ:d,

hwen in eternæl lijnz tu tijm ðuw groust:

so loŋ æz men kæn bre:ð or ijz kæn si:,

so loŋ livz ðis ænd ðis givz lijf tu ði.

¹ Or ðri:dz.

SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
 I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I fought,
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:
 5 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vf'd to flow)
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
 And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,
 And mone th'expençe of many a vannisht fight.
 Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
 10 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
 The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
 All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

SONNET XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I seene,
 Flatter the mountaine tops with loueraine eie,
 Kissing with golden face the meddowes greene;
 Guilding pale streames with heauenly alcumy:
 5 Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
 With ougly rack on his celestiall face,
 And from the for-lorne world his visage hide
 Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace:
 Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
 10 With all triumphant splendor on my brow,
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,
 Suns of the world may staine, when heuens
 fun staineth.¹

¹ ftainteh.

SONNET XXX.

hwen tu ðe sesionz ov swi:t sijlent θout
 ij sumon up remembræns ov θiŋz pæst,
 ij sij ðe læk ov mænī æ θiŋ ij sout,
 ænd wið ould wo:z niu wæil mij ðe:r tijmz wæst :
 ðen kæn ij druwn æn ij, uniuzd tu flo:, 5
 for presius frendz hid in de(:)θs dæ:tles niŋt,
 ænd wi:p æfref luvz loŋ sins kæns,ld wo:,
 ænd mo:n ðekspens ov mænī æ væniŋt sijt:
 ðen kæn ij gri:v æt gri:vænsez forgo:n,
 ænd he(:)vili from wo: tu wo: tel o:r 10
 ðe sæd ækuwnt ov fo:r-bimo:ned mo:n,
 hwitf ij niu pæi æz if not pæid bifo:r.
 but if ðe hwijl ij θiŋk on ði:, ðe:r frend,
 a:l losez ær resto:rd ænd sorouz end.

SONNET XXXIII.

ful mænī æ glo:rīus mornīŋ hæv ij si:n
 flæter ðe muwntæin-tops wið sov(e)ræin ij,
 kisiŋ wið gould,n fæ:s ðe medouz gri:n,
 gi(:)ldiŋ pæ:l stre:mz wið he(:)vnli ælkimij;
 ænon permit ðe bæ:sest kluwdz tu riŋd 5
 wið ugli ræk on hiz selestīæl fæ:s,
 ænd from ðe forlorn world hiz vizædꝯ hijd,
 ste:liŋ unsi:n tu west wið ðis disgræ:s:
 i:vn so: mij sun o:n e(:)rli morn did siŋ
 wið a:l-trijumfænt splendor on mij bruw; 10
 but uwt, ælæk! hi wæz but o:n uwr miŋn;
 ðe re:dꝯon kluwd hæθ mæskt him from mi nuw.
 jit him for ðis mij luv no hwit disdæineθ;
 suns ov ðe world mæi stæin, hwen he(:)vnz sun
 stæineθ.

SONNET LV.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments¹
 Of Princes shall out-live this powrefull rime,
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Then vnswept stone, besmeer'd with fluttish time.
 5 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne²
 The liuing record of your memory.
 Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity³
 10 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.
 So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in louers eies.

SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of yeare⁴ thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,
 Bare ruin'd⁵ quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.
 5 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,

¹ monument., ² burne:., ³ emnity. ⁴ yeeare. ⁵ rn'wd.

SONNET LV.

not mærb,l, nor ðe gi(:)lded moniuments
 ov prinsez, fæl uwtliv ðis puwrful rijm;
 but iu fæl fijn mo:r brijt in ðe:z kontents
 ðen unswept sto:n bisme:rd wið slutif tijm.
 hwen wæ(:)stful wær fæl stætiuz overturn, 5
 ænd broilz ru:t uwt ðe wurk ov mæ:sonrij,
 nor mærz hiz sword nor wærz kwik fjr fæl burn
 ðe liviŋ rekord ov iur memoriŋ.
 gæinst de(:)θ ænd a:l-oblivius enmitij
 fæl iu pæ:s furθ; iur præiz fæl stil fijnd ru:m 10
 i:vn in ðe iŋz ov a:l posteritij
 ðæt we:r ðis world uwt tu ðe endiŋ du:m.
 so:, til ðe dʒudʒment ðæt iurself æriŋz,
 iu liv in ðis, ænd dwel in luverz iŋz.

SONNET LXXIII.

ðæt tijm ov je:r ðuw mæist in mi: biould
 hwen jelo: le:vz, or no:n, or feu, du hæŋ
 upon do:z buwz hwitf fæ:k ægæinst ðe kould,
 bæ:r riuind kwijrz, hwe:r læ:t ðe swit birdz sæŋ.
 in mi: ðuw si:st ðe twijliŋt ov sutf dæi 5
 æz æfter sunset fæ:deθ in ðe west,
 hwitf bij ænd bij blæk niŋt duθ tæ:k æwæi,
 de(:)θs sekond self, ðæt se:lz up a:l in rest.
 in mi: ðuw si:st ðe glo:ŋ ov sutf fjr
 ðæt on ðe æfez ov hiz jiuθ duθ liŋ, 10

As the death bed, whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.

This thou perceu'st,¹ which makes thy loue
 more strong,
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

SONNET CIV.

To me faire friend you neuer can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
 Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
 Haue from the Forrests shooke three summers pride,
 5 Three beautilous springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
 In proceſſe of the seasons haue I seene,
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
 10 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
 So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand,²
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.
 For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue
 Which alters when it alteration findes,
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

¹ perceu'st. ² stand (d *imperfect*).

æz ðe de(:)θ-bed hwe:ron it must ekspijr
 konsiumd wið ðæt hwitf it wæz nurift bij.
 ðis ðuw perse:vst, hwitf mæ:ks ðij luv mo:r
 strog,
 tu luv ðæt wel hwitf ðuw must le:v e:r loŋ.

SONNET CIV.

tu mi:, fæir frend, iu never kæn bi ould,
 for æz iu we:r hwen first iur ij ij ijd,
 sutf si:mz iur beuti stil. θri: winterz kould
 hæv from ðe forests fu:k θri: sumerz prijd,
 θri: beutiūs spring tu jelo: a:tum turnd 5
 in pro:sēs ov ðe se:z,nz hæv ij si:n,
 θri: æ:pril perfiumz in θri: hot d:ziunz burnd,
 sins first ij sa: iu fref, hwitf jit ær grin.
 æh! jit duθ beuti, lijk æ dijæl-hænd,
 ste:l from hiz figiur, ænd no pæ:s perse:vd; 10
 so: iur swit hiu, hwitf miθiŋks stil duθ stænd,
 hæθ mo:sion, ænd mijn ij mæi bi dese:vd:
 for fer ov hwitf, he:r ðis, ðuw æ:dʒ unbred;
 e:r iu wer born wæz beutiz sumer ded.

SONNET CXVI.

let mi not tu ðe mæriædz ov triu mijndz
 ædmit impediments. luv iz not lu(:)v
 hwitf a:terz hwen it a:teræ:sion fijndz,
 or bendz wið ðe remu:ver tu remu:v

o:, no: ! it iz æn ever-fiksed mærk
 ðæt luks on tempests ænd iz never fæk,n;
 it iz ðe stær tu ev(e)ri wændriŋ bærk
 hwu:z wurðs unknown a:ldou hiz hijt bi tæk,n.

5

luvz not tijmz fu:l, ðou ro:zi lips ænd tʃi:ks
 wiðin hiz bendiŋ sik,lz kumpæs ku(:)m;
 luv a:lterz not wið hiz bri:f uwrz ænd wi:ks,
 but be:rz it uwt i:vn tu ðe edʒ ov du:m.
 if ðis bi eror ænd upon mi pru:vd,
 ij never writ, nor no: mæn ever lu(:)vd.

10

FROM THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

æ:rɪel. soŋ.]

kum untu ðe:z jelo: sændz,
 ænd ðen tæk hændz:
 kurtsid hwen iu hæv ænd kist
 ðe wijld wæ:vz hwist,
 furt it fertli he:r ænd ðe:r;
 ænd, swi:t sprijts, ðe burð,n be:r.

330

burð,n (dispersedli).]

hærk, hærk! buw-wuw.
 ðe wætʃ-dogz bærk: buw-wuw.

æ:rɪel.]

hærk, hærk! ij he:r
 ðe stræin ov strutiŋ tʃæntikle:r
 krij, kok-æ-did,l-duw.

335

Ariell. Song.

395 Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,
 Of his bones are Corral made:
 Those are pearles that were his eies,
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a Sea-change
 400 Into something rich, and strange:
 Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

*Burthen.*Ding-dong.¹*Ar.*²

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

* *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

OUR Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 150 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
 155 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stufte
 As dreames are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleepe.

* *

¹ ding dong. ² *Not in F.*

æ:rīel. soŋ.]

ful fædom fijv diŋ fæðer lijz; 395

ov hiz bo:nz ær koræl mæ:d;

ðo:z ær pe(:)rlz ðæt wer hiz ijz:

noθiŋ ov him ðæt duθ fæ:d

but duθ sufer æ se:r-tfændz

intu sumθiŋ ritf ænd strændz. 400

se:nimfs uwrli riŋ hiz knel:

burð,n.]

diŋ-donŋ.

æ:rīel.]

hærk! nuw ij he:r ðem, —diŋ-donŋ, bel.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

uwr rev,lz nuw ær ended. ðe:z uwr æktorz,
æz ij fo:rtould iu, wer a:l spirits ænd
ær melted intu æir, intu θin æir: 150

ænd, lijk ðe bæ:sles fæbrik ov ðis vizion,

ðe kluwd-kæpt tuwrz, ðe gordzjus pælæsez,

ðe solem temp,lz, ðe gre:t glo:b itself,

je:, a:l hwitf it inherit, fæl dizolv

ænd, lijk ðis insubstænsiæl pædzent fæ:ded, 155

le:v not æ ræk bihiŋd. wi æ:r sutf stuf

æz dre:mz ær mæ:d on, ænd uwr lit,l lijf

iz ruwnded wið æ sli:p.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ariell sings.

WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I,
 In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
 90 There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
 On the Batts backe I doe flie
 After Sommer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
 Under the bloffom that hangs on the Bow.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

WHO is Siluia? what is she?
 40 That all our Swaines commend her?
 Holy, faire, and wise is she,
 The heauen such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.
 Is she kinde as she is faire?
 45 For beauty liues with kindnesse:
 Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
 To helpe him of his blindnesse:
 And being help'd, inhabits there.
 Then to Siluia, let vs sing,
 50 That Siluia is excellling;
 She excels each mortall thing
 Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
 To her let vs Garlands bring.

ACT V. SCENE I.

æ:rriēl sinz.]

hwe:r ðe bi: suks, ðe:r suk ij:
 in æ kuwslips bel ij lij;
 ðe:r ij kuwtſ hwen uwlz du krij.
 on ðe bæts bæk ij du flij
 æfter sumer merilij.

90

merili, merili ſæl ij liv nuw
 under ðe bloſom ðæt hænz on ðe buw.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[ſon.]

hwu: iz ſilviæ? hwæt iz ſi:
 ðæt a:l uwr ſwæinz komend her?
 ho:li, fæir, ænd wijz iz ſi:;
 ðe he(:)vn ſutſ græ:s did lend her,
 ðæt ſi mijt ædmijred bi:.

40

iz ſi kijnd æz ſi iz fæir?
 for beuti livz wið kijndnes.
 luv duθ tu her ijz repæir,
 tu help him ov hiz blijndnes,
 ænd, bi:ij helpt, inhæbits ðe:r.

45

ðen tu ſilviæ let us ſin,
 ðæt ſilviæ iz ekseliſ;
 ſi: ekselz e:tf mortæl θiſ
 upon ðe dul e(:)rθ dweliſ:
 tu her let us gærlændz briſ.

50

FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Shallow. Sir *Hugh*, perfwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falstaffs*,¹ he fhall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

5 *Slen.* In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and Coram.

Shal. I (*Cofen Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (*Mafter Parfon*) who writes himsele
10 *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time thefe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his fucceffors (gone before him)
15 hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become
20 an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beaft to man, and fignifies Loue.

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the falt-fifh, is an old Coate.

.

Fal. Now, *Mafter Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd
115 my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your Keepers daughter?

¹ *Falstaffs*.

FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

fælo:.] sir hīu, perswæ:d mi not: ij wil mæ:k æ stæ:tfæmber mæter ov it: if hi wer twenti sir dʒon fa:lstæfs, hi fæl not æbiuz robert fælo:, eskwiʒr.

slender.] in ðe kuwnti ov gloster, dʒustis ov 5 pe:s ænd ko:ræm.

fælo:.] ij, kuz,n slender, ænd kustælo:rum.

slender.] ij, ænd ræto-lo:rum tu:; ænd æ dʒent,l-mæn born, mæster pæ:son; hwu: wriʒts himself ærmidʒero:, in æni bil, wærænt, kwitæns, or obli- 10 gæ:sion, ærmidʒero:.

fælo:.] ij, ðæt ij du:; ænd hæv dun æni tijm ðe:z θri: hundred je:rz.

slender.] a:l hiz suksesorz go:n bifo:r him hæθ dunt, ænd a:l hiz ænestorz ðæt kum æfter him 15 mæi: ðæi mæi giv ðe duz,n hwijt liusez in ðæir ko:t.

fælo:.] it iz æn ould ko:t.

evænz.] ðe duz,n hwijt luwsez du bikum æn ould ko:t wel; it ægri:z wel, pæsænt; it iz æ 20 fæmilɪær be:st tu mæn, ænd signifiʒz luv.

fælo:.] ðe lius iz ðe freʒ fiʒ; ðe sa:lt fiʒ iz æn ould ko:t.

.

fa:lstæf.] nuw, mæster fælo:, iul komplæin ov mi tu ðe kiʒ?

fælo:.] knijt, iu hæv be:t,n mij men, kild mij ðe:r, ænd bro:k o:p,n mij lodʒ. 115

fa:lstæf.] but not kist iur ki:perz ða:ter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait, I haue done all this:
That is now answer'd.

120 *Shal.* The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known
in counsell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. *Pauca verba*; (Sir Iohn) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*,
125 I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head
against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls,
Bardolf, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

130 *Bar.* You Banbery Cheefe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I lay; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's
135 my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you
tell, Cofen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnder-
140 stand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I
vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master
Page) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe)
and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host
of the Garter.¹

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, and end it be-
145 tween them.

Euan. Ferry goot,² I will make a priefe of it
in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon
the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

* * *

¹ Gater. ² goo't.

ƒælo:.] tut, æ pin! dis ƒæl bi ænswerd.

ƒa:lstæf.] ij wil ænswer it stræt; ij hæv dun
a:l dis. ðæt iz nuw ænswerd.

ƒælo:.] ðe kuwnsel ƒæl kno: dis. 120

ƒa:lstæf.] twer beter for iu if it wer knoun
in kuwnsel: iul bi læft æt.

evænz.] pa:kæ verbæ, sir dʒon; gud worts.¹

ƒa:lstæf.] gud worts!¹ gud kæbidʒ. slender, ij
bro:k iur hed: hwæt mæter hæv iu ægæinst mi:? 125

slender.] mæri, sir, ij hæv mæter in mij hed
ægæinst iu; ænd ægæinst iur kuni-kætʃiŋ ræskælz,
bærdolf, nim, ænd pistol.

bærdolf.] iu bænberi tʃi:z! 130

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

pistol.] huw nuw, mefostofilus!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

nim. slijs, ij sæi! pa:kæ, pa:kæ: slijs! ðæts
mij hiumor. 135

slender.] hwe:rz simp,l, mij mæn? kæn iu
tel, kuz,n?

evænz.] pe:s, ij præi iu. nuw let us under-
stænd. der iz θri: umpiʒrʒ in ðis mæter, æz ij 140
understænd; ðæt iz, mæster pæ:dʒ, fideliset mæster
pæ:dʒ; ænd der iz mijself, fideliset mijself; ænd
ðe θri: pærti iz, læstli ænd fijnæli, mijn ho:st ov
ðe gærter.

mæster pæ:dʒ.] wi: θri:, tu he:r it ænd end it
bitwi:n ðem. 145

evænz.] feri gut: ij wil mæk æ pri:f ov it in
mij no:t-bu:k; ænd wi wil æfterwærdz urk upon
ðe ka:z wið æz gre:t diskritli æz wi kæn.

* * *

¹ Or wurts.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

10 *Mist. Pag.* HOW now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart.

15 *Mist. Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Eua. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

20 *Mist. Pag.* Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; answere your Master, be not afraid.

Eua. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin one
25 Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then
30 Powlcats, fure.

Eua. You are a very simplicity 'oman:¹ I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

35 *Will.* A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapis*.

¹ o'man.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] huw nuw, sir hiu! no: sku:l¹⁰
tu-dæi?

evænz.] no:; mæster slender iz let ðe boiz le:v
tu plæi.

kwikli.] blesin ov hiz hært!

mistres pæ:dʒ.] sir hiu, mij huzbænd sæiz mij
sun profits noθin in ðe world æt his bu:k. ij præi¹⁵
iu, æsk him sum kwestionz in hiz æksidens.

evænz.] kum hider, wilǽm; hould up iur
hed; kum.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] kum on, siræ; hould up iur²⁰
hed; ænswer iur mæster, bi: not æfræid.

evænz.] wilǽm, huw mæni numberz iz in
nuwnz?

wilǽm.] tu:.

kwikli.] triuli, ij θout ðer hæd bin o:n number²⁵
mo:r, bika:z ðæi sæi, "odz nuwnz."

evænz.] pe:s iur tætlinz! hwæt iz "fæir,"
wilǽm?

wilǽm.] pulker.

kwikli.] poulkæts! ðer ær fæirer θinʒ ðæn³⁰
poulkæts, siur.

evænz.] iu ær æ veri simplisiti umæn: ij præi
iu, pe:s. hwæt iz "læpis," wilǽm?

wilǽm.] æ sto:n.

evænz.] ænd hwæt iz æ sto:n, wilǽm?

wilǽm.] æ pi:b,l.³⁵

evænz.] no:, it iz "læpis:" ij præi iu, remember
in iur præin.

wilǽm.] læpis.

40 *Eua.* That is a good *William*: what is he
(*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo hic, hæc, hoc.*

45 *Eua.* *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusatiue-case*?

Will. *Accusatiuo hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

50 *Qu.* Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forfooth, I haue forgot.

80 *Eu.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

85 *Eu.* He is a good lprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page.*

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

evænz.] dæt iz æ gud wilǣm. hwæt iz hi;
wilǣm, dæt duz lend ærtik,lz? 40

wilǣm.] ærtik,lz ær boroud ov ðe pro:nuwn,
ænd bi ðus dekljnd, sijgiulæ:riter, nominætijvo;
hik, hæc, ¹ hok.

evænz.] nominætijvo; hig, hæc, hog: præi iu,
mærk: dʒenitijvo; hiudʒus. wel, hwæt iz iur ækiuzæ- 45
tiv kæ:s?

wilǣm.] ækiuzætijvo; hiŋk.

evænz.] ij præi iu, hæ:v iur remembræns, tʃijld;
ækiuzætijvo; huŋg, hæŋg, hog.

kwikli.] "hæŋ-hog" iz læt,n for bæ:k,n, ij 50
wærænt iu.

.

evænz.] ʃo: mi nuw, wilǣm, sum deklensjonz
ov iur pro:nuwnz.

wilǣm.] forsuzθ, ij hæv forgot.

evænz.] it iz kwij, kwe:, kwod: if iu forget
iur "kwijz," iur "kwe:z," ænd iur "kwodz," iu 80
must bi pri:tʃez. go: iur wæiz, ænd plæi; go:.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] hi iz æ beter skoler ðen ij
θout hi wæz.

evænz.] hi iz æ gud spræg memori. fæ:rwel, 85
mistres pæ:dʒ.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] ædiu, gud sir hiu. get iu
ho:m, boi. kum, wi stæi tu: lɔŋ.

¹ Or he(t)k; *but cf. l. 44.*

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Ifab. YET fhew fome pittie.

100 *Ang.* I fhew it moft of all, when I fhew Iuftice;
 For then I pittie thofe I doe not know,
 Which a difmis'd offence, would after gaule
 And doe him right, that anfwering one foule wrong
 Liues not to act another. Be fatisfied;
 105 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Ifab. So you muft be the firft that giues this
 fentence,
 And hee, that fuffers: Oh, it is excellent
 To haue a Giants ftrength: but it is tyrannous
 To vfe it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well laid.

110 *Ifab.* Could great men thunder
 As *Ioue* himfelfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
 For euery pelting petty Officer
 Would vfe his heauen for thunder;
 Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
 115 Thou rather with thy fharp and fulpherous bolt
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
 Then the foft Mertill: But man, proud man,
 Dreft in a little briefe authoritie,
 Moft ignorant of what he's moft affur'd,
 120 (His glafsie Effence) like an angry Ape
 Plaies fuch phantaftique tricks before high heauen,
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our fpleenes,
 Would all themfelues laugh mortall.

* * *

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

izæbelæ.] jīt ſo: ſum piti.

ændzelo:; ij fo: it mo:st ov a:l hwen ij fo: d:zustis; 100
 for den ij piti dō:z ij du not kno:,
 hwitf æ dismist ofens wuld æfter gail;
 ænd du: him rijt dæt, ænsweriŋ o:n fuwl wroŋ,
 livz not tu ækt ænuder. bi: sætisfiŋd;
 iur bruder diŋz tu-moro:; bi: kontent. 105

izæbelæ.] so iu must bi ðe first dæt givz dis
sentens,

ænd hi; ðæt suferz. o; it iz ekselent
tu hæ:v æ dzijænts streŋθ; but it iz tirænus
tu iuz it lijk æ dzijænt.

liusio:.] dæts wel sæid.

izæbelæ.] ku:ld gre:t men θunder
æz dʒo:v himself duz, dʒo:v wu:ld ne:r bi kwijet,
for ev(e)ri peltiŋ, peti ofiser
wu:ld iuz hiz he(:)vn for θunder;
noθiŋ but θunder! mersiful he(:)vn,
ðuw ræder wið ðij ʃærp ænd sulf(e)rus boult
splits ðe unwedʒæb,l ænd ɡnærled o:k
ðen ðe soft mirt,l: but mæn, pruwð mæn,
drest in æ lit,l bri:f a:θoriti,
mo:st ignorænt of hwæt hi:z mo:st æsiurd,
hiz ɡlæsi esens, lijk æn æŋɡri æ:p,
plæiz sutʃ fæntæstik triks bifo:r hij he(:)vn
æz mæ:ks ðe ændʒ,lz wi:p; hwu:, wið uwr spli:nz,
wu:ld a:l demselvz læf mortæl.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ifa. WHAT saies my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.

Ifa. And fhamed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
 120 This sensible warme motion, to become
 A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
 To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
 In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
 To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
 125 And blowne with restlesse violence round about
 The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
 Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
 Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
 The wearieft, and most loathed worldly life
 130 That Age, Ache, peniury,¹ and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
 To what we feare of death.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Song.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworne,
 And those eyes: the breake of day,
 Lights that do mislead the Morne,
 5 But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
 Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in
 vaine.

¹ periury.

ACT III. SCENE I.

izæbelæ.] hwæt sæiz mij bruder?

kla:dŋo:.] de(:)θ iz æ fe:rful θiŋ.

izæbelæ.] ænd ſæ:med lijf æ hæ:rtful.

kla:dŋo:.] ij, but tu dij, ænd go: wi kno: not hwe:r;

tu lij in kould obstruksion ænd tu rot;

dis sensib,l wærm mo:sion tu bikum 120

æ kne(:)ded klod; ænd ðe delijted spirit

tu bæ:d in fijri fludz, or tu rezijd

in θriling re:dʒion ov θik-ribed ijs;

tu bi impriz,nd in ðe viules wijndz,

ænd bloun wið restles vij(o)lens ruwnd æbuwt 125

ðe pendænt world; or tu bi wurs ðen wurst

ov ðo:z ðæt la:les ænd insertæin θout

imædʒin huwliŋ: tiz tu: horib,l!

ðe we:rriest ænd mo:st lo:ðed worldli lijf

ðæt æ:dʒ, æ:tʃ, peniurĩ ænd impriz,nment 130

kæn læi on næ:tiur iz æ pærædijs

tu hwæt wi fe:r ov de(:)θ.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[soŋ.]

tæ:k, o:, tæ:k ðo:z lips æwæi,

ðæt so swit:tli wer forsworn;

ænd ðo:z ijz, ðe bre:k ov dæi,

lijts ðæt du misle:d ðe morn:

but mij kisez briŋ ægæin, briŋ ægæin; 5

se:lz ov luv, but se:ld in væin, se:ld in
væin.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Song.

SIGH no more Ladies, sigh no more,
 65 Men were deceiuers euer,
 One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant neuer,
 Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
 And be you blithe and bonnie,
 70 Conuerting all your soulds of woe,
 Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
 Of dumps so dull and heauy,
 The fraud of men was¹ ever so,
 75 Since summer first was leauy,
 Then sigh not so, &c.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

Hero. O GOD of loue! I know he doth deserue,
 As much as may be yeelded to a man.
 But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
 50 Of powder stufte then that of *Beatrice*:
 Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
 Values it selfe so highly, that to her
 All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
 55 Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
 Shee is so selfe indeared.

¹ were *F*, was *Q*.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

siȝ no mo:r, læ:diz, siȝ no mo:r,
 men wer dese:verz ever, 65
 o:n furt in se: ænd o:n on ƿo:r,
 tu o:n ƿiȝ konstænt never:
 ðen siȝ not so:, but let ðem go:,
 ænd bi: iu bliȝð ænd boni,
 konværtiȝ a:l iur suwndz ov wo: 70
 intu hæi noni, noni.

siȝ no mo:r ditiz, siȝ no mo:,
 ov dumps so dul ænd he:vi;
 ðe fra:d ov men wæz ever so:,
 sins sumer first wæz le:vi: 75
 ðen siȝ not so:, &c.

* *

ACT III. SCENE I.

he:ro:.] o: god ov luv! ij kno: hi duθ dezerv
 æz mutȝ æz mæi bi ji:lded tu æ mæn:
 but næ:tiur never fræ:md æ wumænz hært
 ov pruwder stuf ðen ðæt ov be:ætris; 50
 disdæin ænd skorn riȝd spærkliȝ in her iȝz,
 mispriȝzing hwæt ðæi luv on, ænd her wit
 væliuz itself so hijli ðæt tu her
 a:l mæter els si:mz weik: ƿi kænnot luv,
 nor tæk no ƿæ:p nor prodȝekt ov æfeksion, 55
 ƿi iz so self-inde:rd.

Vrsula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw
man,

60 How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill headed:
65 If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
70 Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bene. LADY *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this
while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

260 *Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleue your fair cofin is
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue
of mee that would right her!

265 *Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

ursiulæ.] siur, ij ðiŋk so; ;
 ænd de:rfœr sertæinli it wer not gud
 fi kniu hiz luv, lest fi mæ:k sport æt it.
 he:ro:] hwij, iu spe:k triuθ. ij never jit sa:
 mæn,
 huw wijz, huw no:b,l, juŋ, huw rærli fertiurd, 60
 but fi wu:ld spel him bækwærd: if fæir-fæ:st,
 fi:ld sweir de dʒent,lmæn fu:ld bi her sister;
 if blæk, hwij, næ:tiur, draiŋ ov æn æntik,
 mæ:d æ fuwl blot; if tai:l, æ læns il-heded;
 if lo:, æn ægæt¹ veri vijldli kut; 65
 if spe:kiŋ, hwij, æ væ:n bloun wið a:l wijndz;
 if sijlent, hwij æ blok mu:ved wið no:n.
 so turnz fi ev(e)ri mæn ðe wroŋ sijd uwt,
 ænd never givz tu triuθ ænd vertiu dæt
 hwitf simp,lnes ænd merit purtfæseθ. 70

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

benedik.] læ:di be:ætris, hæv iu wept a:l ðis
 hwijl?
 be:ætris.] je:, ænd ij wil wi:p æ hwijl longger.
 benedik.] ij wil not deziŋr dæt.
 be:ætris.] iu hæv no re:z,n; ij du: it fri:li. 260
 benedik.] siurli ij du bili:v iur fæir kuz,n iz
 wroŋd.
 be:ætris.] æh, huw mutf miŋt ðe mæn dezerv
 ov mi dæt wu:ld riŋt her!
 benedik.] iz ðer æni wæi tu fo: sutf frendʃip? 265
 be:ætris.] æ veri i:v,n wæi, but no: sutf frend.
 benedik.] mæi æ mæn du: it?
 be:ætris.] it iz æ mænz ofis, but not iurz.

¹ *Hardly* ægot.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well
270 as you, is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not,
it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing
so well as you, but beleeeue me not, and yet I lie
275 not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am
lorry for my coulin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'lt me.

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare by it that you loue mee,
and I will make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

280 *Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no lawce that can be deuised to
it, I protest I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

285 *Beat.* You haue stayed me in a happy howre,
I was about to protest I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ANOTHER of these Students at that time,
65 Was there with him, if¹ I haue heard a truth.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.

¹ as *F*, if *Q*.

benedik.] ij du luv noθij in de world so wel
æz iu: iz not dæt strændz? 270

be:ætris.] æz [strændz æz de θij ij kno: not,
it wer æz posib,l for mi tu sæi ij luvd noθij so
wel æz iu: but bili:v mi not; ænd jīt ij lij not;
ij konfes noθij, nor ij denij noθij. ij æm sori 275
for mij kuz,n.

benedik.] bij mij sword, be:ætris, duw luvst mi:.

be:ætris.] du: not swe:r bij it, ænd e:t it.

benedik.] ij wil swe:r bij it dæt iu luv mi:;
ænd ij wil mæ:k him e:t it dæt sæiz ij luv, not iu.

be:ætris.] wil iu not e:t iur word? 280

benedik.] wið no: sa:s dæt kæn bi devijzd tu
it. ij protest ij luv di:.

be:ætris.] hwij ðen, god forgiv mi:!

benedik.] hwæt ofens, swi:t be:ætris?

be:ætris.] iu hæv stæid mi in æ hæpi uwr: 285
ij wæz æbuwt tu protest ij luvd iu.

benedik.] ænd du: it wið a:l dij hært.

be:ætris.] ij luv iu wið so mutf ov mij hært
dæt no:n iz left tu protest.

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ænuder ov ðe:z stiudents æt dæt tijm
wæz ðe:r wið him, if ij hæv hærd æ triuθ.
beruwn ðæi ka:l him; but æ meriēr mæn,
wiðin de limit ov bikumiñ mirθ,
ij never spent æn uw,rz ta:k wiða:l:

His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 70 For euery object that the one doth catch,
 The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,
 Which his faire tongue (conceits expofitor)
 Deliuiers in fuch apt and gracious words,
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
 75 And yonger hearings are quite rauifhed.
 So fweet and voluble is his difcourfe.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

O WE haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
 And in that vow we haue forfworne our Bookes:
 820 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
 Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
 825 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce fhew a harueft of their heauy toyle.
 But Loue firft learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 830 Courfes as fwift as thought in euery power,
 And giues to euery power a double power,
 Aboue their functions and their offices.
 It addes a precious feeing to the eye:
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,
 835 A Louers eare will heare the loweft found
 When the fufpicious head of theft is ftopt.
 Loues feeling is more foft and fenfible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

hiz ij bigets okæ:zïon for hiz wit;
 for ev(e)ri obdʒekt dæt de o:n duθ kætf 70
 de uder turnz tu æ mirθ-mu:viŋ dʒest,
 hwitf hiz fæir tunj, konsæits ekspozitor,
 deliverz in sutf æpt ænd græ:sïus wordz
 dæt æ:dʒed eirz plæi triuænt æt hiz tæ:lz
 ænd junger he:riŋz ær kwijt rævifed; 75
 so swit ænd voliub,l iz hiz disku:rs.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

o:, wi hæv mæ:d æ vuw tu studi, lordz,
 ænd in dæt vuw wi hæv forsworn uwr bu:ks.
 for hwen wu:ld iu, mij li:dʒ, or iu, or iu, 320
 in le(:)d,n kontemplæ:sïon hæv fuwnd uwt
 sutf fijri numberz æz de promptiŋ iʒ
 ov beutiz tiutorz hæv inritft iu wiθ?
 uder slo: ærts intijrli ki:p de bræin;
 ænd de:rfo:r, fijndiŋ bæræin præktiserz, 325
 skærs fo: æ hærvest ov dæir he(:)vi toil:
 but luv, first lerned in æ læ:diz iʒ,
 livz not ælo:n imiured in de bræin;
 but, wið de mo:sïon ov a:l elements,
 kursez æz swift æz θout in ev(e)ri puwr, 330
 ænd givz tu ev(e)ri puwr æ dub,l puwr,
 æbuv dæir funksïonz ænd dæir ofisez.
 it ædz æ presïus si:ŋ tu de ij;
 æ luverz iʒ wil gæ:z æn e:g,l bliŋd;
 æ luverz eir wil he:r de lo:est suwnd, 335
 hwen de suspisïus hed ov θeft iz stopt:
 luvz fi:liŋ iz mo:r soft ænd sensib,l
 ðen ær de tender hornz ov kokled snæilz;

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* groffe in taſte,
 340 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſicall,
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
 And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
 345 Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
 Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
 O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
 350 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
 They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fire,
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
 That ſhew, containe, and nourish all the world.
 Elſe none at all in aught proues excellent.

* *

ACT V. SCENE II.

*Spring.*¹

WHEN Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
 905 And Ladie-smockes all ſiluer white:
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,
 Do paint the Medowes with delight:²
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
 Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
 910 Cuckow.
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
 Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

¹ *Not in F.*
 906, 905, 907.

² *Ll. 904 to 907 arranged 904,*

luvz tuŋ pru:vz dæinti bækus gro:s in tæ:st:
 for vælor, iz not luv æ herkiule:z, 340
 stil klijmiŋ tri:z in ðe hesperide:z?
 subtil æz sfiŋks; æz swi:t ænd miuzikæl
 æz brijt æpolo:z liut, struŋ wið hiz hæir:
 ænd hwen luv spe:ks, ðe vois ov a:l ðe godz
 mæ:k he(:)v,n druwzi wið ðe hæroni. 345
 never durst po:et tutʃ æ pen tu wrijt
 until hiz iŋk wer tempred wið luvz si:z;
 o:, ðen hiz lijnz wu:ld ræviʃ sævædʒ e:rz
 ænd plænt in tijrænts mijld hiuiliti.
 from wimenz i:z ðis doktrin ij derijv:
 dæi spærk,l stil ðe rijt prome:θiæn fi:r;
 dæi ær ðe bu:ks, ðe ærts, ðe ækæde:mz,
 dæt fo:, kontæin ænd nurif a:l ðe world:
 els no:n æt a:l in a:t pru:vz ekselent. 350

* *

ACT V. SCENE II.

[sprin.]

hwen dæiziz pijd ænd vij(o)lets bliu
 ænd læ:di-smoks a:l silver hwijt 905
 ænd kukuw-budz ov jelo: hiu
 du pæint ðe medouz wið delijt,
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,
 moks mærid men; for ðus siŋz hi:,
 kukuw; 910
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,
 unple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

hwen ſepherdz pijp on o:t,n ſtra:z
 ænd meri lærks ær pluwmenz kloks,
 hwen turt,lz tre(:)d, ænd ruks, ænd da:z, 915
 ænd mæid,nz ble:tʃ ðæir ſumer smoks,
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,
 moks mærid men; for ðus ſiŋz hi:,
 kukuw;
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r, 920
 unple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

[winter.]

hwen ijsik,lz hæŋ bi: ðe wa:l
 ænd dik ðe ſepherd blouz hi:z næil
 ænd tom be:rz loŋz intu ðe ha:l
 ænd milk kumz fro:z,n ho:m in pæil, 925
 hwen blud iz nipt ænd wæiz bi fuwl,
 ðen niŋtli ſiŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,
 tiu-hwit;
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,
 hwijl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot. 930

hwen a:l æluwd ðe wi:nd duθ blo:
 ænd koŋiŋ druwnz ðe pærsonz sa:
 ænd birdz sit bru:diŋ in ðe sno:
 ænd mæri:ænz no:z lu:ks red ænd ra:,
 hwen ro:sted kræbz hi:s in ðe boul, 935
 ðen niŋtli ſiŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,
 tiu-hwit;
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,
 hwijl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

Ob.

MY gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,

150 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

Puc.

I remember.

155 *Ob.* That very time I ſaw ¹ (but thou couldſt not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,
And looſ'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
160 As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.

165 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee

once,

170 The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote

¹ ſay *F*, ſaw *Q*.

FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

oberon.]
 mij dzent,l puk, kum heðer. ðuw remembrest
 sins o:ns ij sæt upon æ promontori,
 ænd hærd æ me(:)rmæid on æ dolfinz bæc 150
 ut(e)riŋ sutſ dulset ænd hærmo:nĩus bre(:)θ
 ðæt ðe riud se: griu sivil æt her soŋ
 ænd sertæin stærz ſot mædli from ðæir ſfe:rz,
 tu he:r ðe se:mæidz miuzik.
 puk.] ij remember.
 oberon.] ðæt veri tijm ij sa:, but ðuw ku:ldst not, 155
 flijing bitwi:n ðe kould mu:n ænd ðe e(:)rθ,
 kiupid a:l ærmd: æ sertæin æim hi tu:k
 æt æ fæir vestæl θro:ned bij ðe west,
 ænd lu:st hiz luv-ſæft smærtli from hiz bo:,
 æz it ſu:ld pe:rs æ hundred θuwzænd hærts; 160
 but ij mĩt si: juŋ kiupidz fijri ſæft
 kwentſt in ðe tſæ(:)st be:mz ov ðe wæt(e)ri mu:n,
 ænd ðe imperræl vort(æ)res pæsed on,
 in mæid,n meditæ:sion, fænsi-fri:
 jĩt mærkĩt ij hwe:r ðe boult ov kiupid fel: 165
 it fel upon æ lit,l western fluwr,
 bifo:r milk-hwijt, nuw purp,l wið luvz wuwnd,
 ænd mæid,nz ka:l it luv-in-ijð,lnes.
 fetſ mi ðæt fluwr; ðe herb ij ſoud ði o:ns:
 ðe dzius ov it on sli:pĩŋ ij-lidz læid 170
 wil mæ:k or mæn or wumæn mædli do:t

Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

175 *Pucke*. Ile put a girdle round¹ about the earth,
 In forty minutes.²

* *

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

Fairies Sing.

YOU spotted Snakes with double tongue,
 10 Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
 Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
 Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
 Philomele with melodie,
 Sing in our³ sweet Lullaby,
 15 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
 Neuer harme,
 Nor spell, nor charme,
 Come our louely Lady nye,
 So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.*

20 Weauing Spiders come not heere,
 Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
 Beetles blacke approach not neere;
 Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
 Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.*

25 Hence away, now all is well;
 One aloofe, stand Centinell.

* *

¹ round *om.* *F*, round *Q*. ² *Ll.* 175, 176 printed as
 prose. ³ your *F*, our *Q*.

upon ðe neƿst liƿ kre:tiur ðæt it si:z.
 fetſ mi ðis herb; ænd bi: ðuƿ her ægæin
 er ðe leuijæθæn kæn swim æ le:q.

puk.] ijl put æ gird, l ruwnd æbuwt de e(:)rθ 175
in forti miniuts.

* * *

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

[fæiriz siŋ.]

iu spotted snæks wið dub,l tuŋ,
 þorni hedzhogz, bi: not si:n;
 niuts ænd bliŋd-wurmz, du: no wron,
 kum not ne:r uwr fæiri kwɪ:n.

filomel, wið melodij
 siŋ in uwr swi:t lulæbij;
 lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij, lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij: 15
 ne(:)ver hærm,
 nor spel nor tʃærm,
 kum uwr luvlij læ:di nij;
 so:, qud ni:t, wið lulæbij.

sekond fæiri.]

wervin spijderz, kum not he:r; 20
 hens, iu loŋ-legd spinnerz, hens!
birt,lz blæk, æpro:tʃ not ne:r;
 wurm nor snæil, du: no: ofens.

filomel, wiđ melodij, &c.

first fæiri.]

hens, æwæi! nuw a:l iz wel: 25
o:n ælu:f stænd sentinel.

* * *

FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

115 *Bot.* WHY do they run away? This is a
knauery of them to make me afeard.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe
I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Affe-
120 head of your owne, do you?

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottome*, blesse thee; thou
art tranflated.

Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an
125 affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will
not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will
walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that
they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woofell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
130 The Throftle, with his note so true,
The Wren with¹ little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my
flowry bed?

Bot.

The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainfong Cuckow gray;
135 Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish
a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though
he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

¹ and *F*, with *Q*.

FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

botom.] hwij du ðæi run æwæi? ðis iz æ¹¹⁵
knæ:veri ov ðem tu mæ:k mi æfe:rd.

snuwt.] o: botom, ðuw ært tʃændʒd! hwæt
du ij si: on ði:?

botom.] hwæt du iu si: ? iu si: æn æs-hed ov¹²⁰
iur oun, du: iu?

perter.] bles ði:, botom! bles ði: ! ðuw ært
træns-læ:ted.

botom.] ij si: ðæir knæ:veri: ðis iz tu mæ:k
æn æs ov mi:; tu frijt mi:, if ðæi ku:ld. but ij wil¹²⁵
not stur from ðis plæ:s, du: hwæt ðæi kæn: ij wil
wæ:k up ænd ðuwn he:r, ænd ij wil siŋ, ðæt ðæi
ʃæl he:r ij æm not æfræid.

ðe wu:z,l kok so blæk ov hiu,

wið orændʒ-ta:ni bil,

ðe θrost,l wið hiz no:t so triu,

180

ðe wren wið lit,l kwil,—

titæ:nǣ.] hwæt ændʒ,l wæ:ks mi from mi
fluwri bed?

botom.]

ðe fintʃ, ðe spæro: ænd ðe lærk,

ðe plæin-soŋ kukuw græi,

hwu:z no:t ful mænǣ æ mæn duθ mærk, ¹³⁵

ænd dæ:rz not ænswe:r næi;—

for, indi:d, hwu: wu:ld set hiz wit tu so fu:lif æ
bird? hwu: wu:ld giv æ bird ðe lij, ðou hi krij
“kukuw” never so:?

140 *Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me ¹
 On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

145 *Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue
 little reason for that: and yet to say the truth,
 reason and loue keepe little company together,
 now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honest
 neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I
 150 can gleeke vpon occasion.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough
 to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue
 mine owne turne.

155 *Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate:
 The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,
 And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
 160 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
 And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
 And I will purge thy mortall grossnesse so,
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.
 165 Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede!²

¹ *Ll.* 142, 143, 144 arranged as 144, 142, 143.

² *The following stage direction takes the place of l. 165:*
Enter Pease blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede,
and foure Fairies.

titæ:nǣ.] ij præi di:, dʒent,l mortæl, siŋ ægæin: 140
 mijn e:r iz mutʃ enæmord ov di: no:t;
 so: iz mijn ij enθra:lɛd tu di: ʃæ:p;
 ænd di: fæir vertiuz fors perfors duθ mu:v mi:
 on ðe first viu tu sæi, tu swe:r, ij luv di:.

botom.] miθiŋks, mistres, iu ʃu:ld hæv lit,l re:z,n 145
 for ðæt: ænd jit, tu sæi ðe triuθ, re:z,n ænd luv
 ki:p lit,l kumpæni tugeder nuw-æ-dæiz; ðe mo:r
 ðe piti ðæt sum onest ne:borz wil not mæ:k ðem
 frendz. næi, ij kæn gli:k upon okæ:zʒon. 150

titæ:nǣ.] ðuw ært æz wi:z æz ðuw ært beutiful.

botom.] not so:, ne:ðer: but if ij hæd wit
 inuf tu get uwt ov dis wud, ij hæv inuf tu serv
 mijn oun turn.

titæ:nǣ.] uwt ov dis wud du: not dezi:r tu go:: 155
 ðuw ʃælt remæin he:r, hweder¹ ðuw wilt or no:.
 ij æm æ spirit ov no komon ræt:
 ðe sumer stil duθ tend upon mij stæit;
 ænd ij du luv di:: ðe:rfo:r, go: wið mi:;
 ijl giv di fæiriz tu ætend on di:, 160
 ænd ðæi ʃæl fetʃ di dʒiuelz from ðe di:p,
 ænd siŋ hwijl ðuw on presed fluwrz dust sli:p:
 ænd ij wil purdʒ di: mortæl gro:snes so:
 ðæt ðuw ʃælt lik æn æiri spirit go:.
 pe:zblosom! kobweb! moθ! ænd mustæ:rdsi:d! 165

¹ Or hwe:r.

Peaf. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Muf. And I.

All. Where shall we go?¹

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
170 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie² Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:
175 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

180 2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Hip. 'TIS strange my *Thefeus*, that these louers
speake of.

The. More strange then true. I neuer may
beleue

These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,
5 Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

¹ *Ll.* 166 to 170 printed as one line, as follows:
Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?
² fierie-.

pe:zblosom.] redi.

kobweb.] ænd ij.

moθ.] ænd ij.

mustærdsi:d.] ænd ij.

a:l.] hwe:r fæl wi go:?

titæ:nǣ.] bi kijnd ænd kurtēus tu ðis dzent,lmæn ;

hop in hiz wa:ks ænd gæmbol in hiz ijz;

fi:ð him wið æ:prikoks ænd deuberiz,

wid purp,l græ:ps, gri:n fiqz, ænd mulberiz; 170

ðe huni-bæqz ste:l from ðe humb,l-bi:z,

ænd for ni:t-tæ:perz krop ðæir wæks,n θijz

ænd lijt ðem æt ðe fijri glo:-wurmz ijz,

tu hæ(:)v mij luv tu bed ænd tu ærijz;

æend pluk ðe winz from pæinted buterflijz 175

tu fæn ðe mu:nbe:mz frɒm hɪz sli:pɪŋ iɪz:

nod tu him, elvz, ænd du: him kurtesijz.

first fæiri.] hæil, mortæl, hæil !

sekond fæiri.] hæil! 180

þird fæiri.] hæil!

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

hipolitæ.] tiz strændz, mij θe:zəʊs, dæt ðe:z

luverz spe:k ov.

θe:zəʊs.] mo:r strændz ðen triu: ij ne(:)ver mæi

biliv

ðe:z æntik fæ:b,lz, nor ðe:z fæiri toiz.

luverz ænd mædmen hæv sutſ si:ðin bræinz,

sutʃ ʃæ:piŋ fæntæsis, ðæt æprehend

More then coole reason euer comprehends.¹
 The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
 Are of imagination all compact.
 One fees more diuels then vaste hell can hold;
 10 That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
 Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
 The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to
 heauen.²

And as imagination bodies forth
 15 The forms of things vnknowne; the Poets pen
 Turnes them to fhapes, and giues to airy³ nothing,
 A locall habitation, and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,⁴
 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
 20 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told ouer,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 25 More witnesseeth than fancies images,
 And growes to something of great constancie;
 But howfoeuer, strange, and admirable.

¹ *L.* 5 ends with more. ² *L.* 12 ends with glance.
³ aire. ⁴ *Ll.* 14 to 18 printed as four, ending with
 things . . . fhapes . . . habitation . . . imagination.

mo:r den ku:l re:z,n ever komprehendz.
 ðe liunætik, ðe luver ænd ðe po:et
 ær ov imædzinæ:sion a:l kompækt.
 o:n si:z mo:r di:vilz¹ ðen væst hel kæn hould,
 ðæt iz, ðe mædmæn: ðe luver, a:l æz fræntik, 10
 si:z helenz beuti in æ bruw ov e:dzipt:
 ðe po:ets ij, in æ fi:n frenzi rouliŋ,
 duθ glæns from he(:)vn tu e(:)rθ, from e(:)rθ tu
 he(:)vn;

ænd æz imædzinæ:sion bodiz furθ
 ðe fo(:)rms ov θiŋz unknow, ðe po:ets pen 15
 turnz ðem tu fæ:ps ænd givz tu æiri noθiŋ
 æ lo:kæl hæbitæ:sion ænd æ næ:m.
 sutf triks hæθ stroŋ imædzinæ:sion,
 ðæt, if it wu:ld but æprehend sum dzoι,
 it komprehendz sum bringer ov ðæt dzoι; 20
 or in ðe ni:jt, imædziniŋ sum fe:r,
 huw e:zi iz æ bu:f supo:zd æ ber!

hipolitæ.] but a:l ðe sto:ri ov ðe ni:jt tould o(:)ver,
 ænd a:l ðæir mi:jndz trænsfigiurd so: tugeðer,
 mo:r witneseθ ðæn fænsiz imædʒez 25
 ænd grouz tu sumθiŋ ov gre:t konstænsi;
 but, huwsoever, strændz ænd ædmiræb,l.

¹ Or di:v,lz.

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

A Song.

TELL me where is fancie bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head:
 65 How begot, how nourished.
 Replie, replie.
 It is engendred in the eyes,
 With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
 In the cradle where it lies:
 70 Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
 Ile begin it. Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

* * *

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 185 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
 Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
 It bleffeth him that giues, and him that takes,
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
 190 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
 The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
 Wherein doth sit this dread and feare of Kings:
 But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
 195 It is an attribute to God himselfe;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

[æ soŋ.]

tel mi: hwe:r iz fænsi bred,
 or in ðe hært or in ðe hed?
 huw bigot, huw nurisfed?

65

replij, replij.

it iz endzendred in ðe iijz,
 wið gæ:ziŋ fed; ænd fænsi diŋ
 in ðe kræ:d,l hwe:r it liŋz.

let us a:l riŋ fænsiz knel:

70

ijl bigin it,—diŋ, doŋ, bel.

a:l.] diŋ, doŋ, bel.

* * *

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

ðe kwælitu ov mersi iz not stræind,
 it dropeð æz ðe dʒent,l ræin from he(:)vn
 upon ðe plæ:s bine:th: it iz twijs blest;
 it bleseð him ðæt givz ænd him ðæt tæ:ks:
 tiz miŋtīest in ðe miŋtīest: it bikumz

185

ðe θro:ned monærk beter ðen hiz kruwn;
 hiz septe:r fouz ðe fors ov temporæl puwr,
 ðe ætribiut tu a: ænd mædʒesti,
 hwe:rin duθ sit ðe dre(:)d ænd fe:r ov kiŋz;

190

but mersi iz æbu:v ðis septe:red swæi;
 it iz enθro:ned in ðe hærts ov kiŋz,
 it iz æn ætribiut tu god himself;

195

ænd e(:)røli puwr duθ ðen fo: lijkest godz

When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
 Though Iustice be thy plea, confider this,
 That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
 200 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
 The deeds of mercie.

* *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Lor. THE moone shines bright. In such a night
 as this,

When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
 And they did make no noyse,¹ in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
 5 And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
 Where *Creffed*² lay that night.

Ief. In such a night
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
 And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
 10 Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
 Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
 To come againe to Carthage.

Ief. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
 That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
 15 Did *Ieffica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
 And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
 As farre as Belmont.

¹ nnyse (*misprint*). ² *Sic*.

hwen mersi se:z,nz dʒustis. ðe:rfo:r, dʒiu,
 dou dʒustis bi: diʒ ple:, konsider ðis,
 ðæt, in ðe ku:rs ov dʒustis, no:n ov us
 ʃu:ld si: sælvæ:sion: wi du præi for mersi;
 ænd ðæt sæ:m præir duθ te:tʃ us a:l tu render
 ðe di:dz ov mersi. 200

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

lorenzo:.] ðe mu:n ʃijnz brijt: in sutʃ æ niʒt
 æz ðis,

hwen ðe swi:t wi:jnd did dʒentli kis ðe tri:z
 ænd ðæi did mæ:k no noiz, in sutʃ æ niʒt
 troilus miθiŋks mu:wnted ðe tro:dzæn wa:lz
 ænd siʒd hiz soul towærd ðe gre:sɪæn tents,
 hwe:r kresid læi ðæt niʒt. 5

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ niʒt
 did θizbe fe:rfuli o:rtrip ðe deu
 ænd sa: ðe liʒonz ʃædo: e:r himself
 ænd ræn dismæid æwæi.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ niʒt
 stu(:)d diʒdo: wið æ wilo: in her hænd
 upon ðe wi:ld se: bæŋks ænd wæft her luv
 tu kum ægæin tu kærθædz. 10

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ niʒt
 mede:æ gædred ðe intʃænted herbz
 ðæt did reniu ould e:zon.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ niʒt
 did dʒesikæ ste:l from ðe welθi dʒiu
 ænd wið æn unθrift luv did run from venis
 æz fæ:r æz belmont. 15

Ief. In such a night
 Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
 Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
 20 And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
 Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little shrow)
 Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Ieffi. I would out-night you did no body come:
 But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

.
Loren.

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
 55 Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
 Creepe in our eares, soft stilnes and¹ the night
 Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
 Sit *Ieffica*, looke how the floore of heauen
 Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
 60 There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
 But in his motion like an Angell sings,
 Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
 Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 65 Doth grossly close it in,² we cannot heare it:
 Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
 With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,
 And draw her home with musicke.

Ieffi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet
 musique.

70 *Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
 For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
 Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

¹ e. i. stilnes, and *F*, as above *Q*. ² in it.

dzesikæ.] in sutſ æ niȝt
 did juȝ lorenzo: swe:r hi luvd her wel,
 ste:liȝ her soul wið mæni vuwz ov fæiθ
 ænd ne:r æ triu o:n.

20

lorenzo:.] in sutſ æ niȝt
 did priti¹ dzesikæ, lijk æ lit,l fro:,
 slænder her luv, ænd hi: forgæ:v it her.

dzesikæ.] ij wu:ld uwt-niȝt iu, did no bodi kum;
 but, hærk, ij he:r ðe futiȝ ov æ mæn.

.
 lorenzo:.]

huw swi:t ðe mu:nliȝt sli:ps upon dis bæȝk!
 he:r wil wi sit ænd let ðe suwndz ov miuzik
 kri:p in uwr e:r: soft stilnes ænd ðe niȝt
 bikum ðe tutſez ov swi:t hærmōni.

55

sit, dzesikæ. lu:k huw ðe flu:r ov he(:)vn
 iz θik inlæid wið pætenz ov briȝt gould:
 ðerz not ðe sma:lest orb hwi:ſ ðuw bihouldst
 but in hiz mo:sion lijk æn ændz,l siȝz,
 stil kwijriȝ tu ðe juȝ-ijd tſerubinz;

60

sutſ hærmōni iz in imortæl soulz;
 but hwiȝlst dis mudi vestiur ov dekæi
 duθ gro:sli klo:z it in, wi kænōt he:r it.
 kum, ho:! ænd wæ:k diænæ wið æ him:
 wið swi:rest tutſez pe:rs iur mistres e:r
 ænd dra: her ho:m wið miuzik.

65

dzesikæ.] ij (æ)m never meri hwen ij he:r swi:t
 miuzik.

lorenzo:.] ðe re:z,n iz, iur spirits ær ætentiv: 70
 for du: but no:t æ wiȝld ænd wænton herd,
 or ræ:s ov jiuθful ænd unhændled koultz,
 fetſiȝ mæd buwndz, belðiȝ ænd ne:iȝ luwd,

¹ Or preti.

Which is the hot condition of their blood,
 75 If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any ayre of muficke touch their eares,
 You fhall perceiue them make a mutuall ftand,
 Their fauage eyes turn'd to a modeft gaze,
 By the fweet power of muficke: therefore the Poet
 80 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ftones, and floods:
 Since naught fo ftockifh, hard, and full of rage,
 But muficke for the¹ time doth change his nature,
 The man that hath no muficke in himfelfe,
 Nor is not moued with concord of fweet founds,
 85 Is fit for treafons, ftratagemes, and fpoyles,
 The motions of his fpirit are dull as night,
 And his affections darke as *Erobus*,²
 Let no fuch man be trusted.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

Duk. Sen. NOW my Coe-mates, and brothers
 in exile:

Hath not old cuftome made this life more fweete
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not thefe woods
 More free from perill then the enuious Court?
 5 Heere feele we but³ the penaltie of *Adam*,
 The feafons difference, as the Icie phange
 And churlifh chiding of the winters winde,
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
 Euen till I fhinke with cold, I fmile, and fay
 10 This is no flattery: thefe are counfellors

¹ the *om. F*, the *Q*. ² *Sic F*, *Terebus Q*. ³ not.

hwitſ iz de hot kondiſion ov ðæir blud;
if ðæi but he:r pertſæns æ trumpet ſuwnd, 75
or æni æir ov miuzik tutſ ðæir e:rz,
iu ſæl perſe:r ðem mæ:k æ miutſſæl ſtænd,
ðæir ſævædz ijz turnd tu æ modest gæ:z
bij de ſwi:t puwr ov miuzik: ðe:rfor de po:et
did fæin ðæt orfœus driu tri:z, sto:nz ænd fludz; 80
ſins na:t ſo ſtokiſ, hærd, ænd ful ov ræ:dz,
but miuzik for de tijm duθ tſændz hiz næ:tiur.
de mæn ðæt hæθ no miuzik in himſelf,
nor iz not mu:vd wið konkord ov ſwi:t ſuwndz,
iz fit for tre:z,nz, ſtrætædzemz, ænd ſpoilz; 85
de mo:ſionz ov hiz ſpir(i)t ær dul æz ni:t,
ænd hiz æfeksionz dærk æz erebus:
let no: ſutſ mæn bi truſted.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

diuk se:njor.] nuw, mij ko:-mæ:ts ænd bruderz
in eksijl,
hæθ not ould kustom mæ:d ðis lijf mo:r swirt
den dæt ov pæinted pomp? ær not ðe:z wudz
mo:r fri: from peril den ðe envius ku:rt?
heir fi:l wi but ðe penælti ov ædæm,
ðe se:z,nz dif(e)rens, æz ðe ijsi fæg
ænd tfurlif tfijdiŋ ov ðe winterz wijnd,
hwitf, hwen it bi:ts ænd blouz upon mij bodi,
i:vn til ij frijk wið kould, ij smijl ænd sæi
“ðis iz no flæt(e)ri: ðe:z ær kuwnselorz

ðæt fi:liŋli perswæ:d mi hwæt ij æm.”
 swi:t ær ðe iusez ov ædversiti,
 hwitʃ, lijk ðe to:d, ugli ænd venemus,
 we:rz jīt æ presius dʒiuel in hiz hed;
 ænd ðis uwr lijf eksempt from publik hænt
 fijndz tuŋz in tri:z, bu:ks in ðe runiŋ bru:ks,

15

sermonz in sto:nz ænd gud in ev(e)ri θiŋ.
 ij wu:ld not tʃændʒ it.

æmĩenz.] hæpi iz iur græ:s,
 ðæt kæn trænsle:t ðe stubbornes ov fortium
 intu so kwijet ænd so swi:t æ stīl.

20

* * *

ACT II. SCENE V.

[soŋ.]

under ðe grinwud tri:
 hwu: luvz tu lij wið mi:,
 ænd turn hiz meri no:t
 untu ðe swi:t birdz θro:t,
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder:
 he:r ʃæl hi si:
 no enemi:
 but winter ænd ruf weðer.

5

hwu: duθ æmbiʃion ʃun
 ænd luvz tu liv id sun,
 si:kiŋ ðe fud hi e:ts
 ænd ple:zd wið hwæt hi gets,
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder,
 he:r ʃæl hi si:, &c.

40

45

* * *

ACT II. SCENE VII.

- ALL the world's a stage,
 140 And all the men and women, meerely Players;
 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
 And one man in his time playes many parts,
 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
 Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes:
 145 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad,
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
 150 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
 Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
 Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
 155 With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
 And so he playes his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 160 His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
 Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,
 165 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

*

*

*

ACT II. SCENE VII.

a:l de worldz æ stæ:dʒ,
 ænd a:l de men ænd wimen me:rli plæierz: 140
 ðæi hæ:v ðæir eksits ænd ðæir entrænsez;
 ænd o:n mæn in hiz tijm plæiz mæni pærts,
 hiz ækts bi:(i)ŋ sev,n æ:dʒez. æt first de infænt,
 meuliŋ ænd piukiŋ in de nursez ærmz.
 den—de hwijniŋ sku:l-boi, wið hiz sætʃ,l 145
 ænd fijiŋ morniŋ fæ:s, kri:piŋ lik snæil
 unwiliŋli tu sku:l. ænd den de luer,
 siŋ lik furnæs, wið æ wo:ful bæləd
 mæ:d tu hiz mistres ijbrow. den æ souldiær,
 ful ov strændʒ o:θs ænd berded lik de pærd, 150
 dʒelus in onor, sudæin ænd kwik in kwærel,
 si:kiŋ de bub,l repiutæ:sion
 i:vŋ in de kænonz muwθ. ænd den de dʒustis,
 in fæir ruwnd beli wið gud kæ:p,n lijnd,
 wið ijz sever ænd berd ov formæl kut, 155
 ful ov wiʒz sa:z ænd modern instænsez;
 ænd so: hi: plæiz hiz pært. de sikst æ:dʒ fifts
 intu de le:n ænd sliperd pæntælu:n,
 wið spektæk,lz on no:z ænd puwtʃ on sijd,
 hiz jiuθful ho:z, wel sæ:vd, æ world tu: wiʒd 160
 for hiz fruŋk fæŋk; ænd hiz big mænli vois,
 turniŋ ægæin towærd¹ tʃijldiʃ treb,l, piʒps
 ænd hwist,lz in hiz suwnd. læst se:n ov a:l,
 dæt ends dis strændʒ eventful histori,
 iz sekond tʃijldiʃnes ænd me:r obli:vion, 165
 sænz ti:θ, sænz ijz, sænz tæ:st, sænz ev(e)ri θiŋ.

* *

¹ Or to:rd.

Song.

BLOW, blow, thou winter winde,
 175 Thou art not so vnkinde,
 As mans ingratitude:
 Thy tooth is not so keene,
 Because thou art not seene,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 180 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
 Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:
 Then¹ heigh ho, the holly,
 This life is most iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie
 185 That doft not bight so nigh
 As benefitts forgot:
 Though thou the waters warpe,
 Thy fting is not so fharpe,
 As freind remembred not.
 190 Heigh ho, sing, &c.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Song.

IT was a Louer, and his lasse,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o're the greene corne feild did paffe,
 20 In² fpring time, the onely pretty ring³ time,
 When Birds do fting, hey ding a ding, ding.
 Sweet Louers loue the fpring.⁴

¹ The. ² In the. ³ rang. ⁴ *The last stanza is printed as the second.*

[soŋ.]

blo:, blo:, duw winter wijnd,
 duw ært not so unkijnd 175
 æz mænz ingrætitiud;
 dij tu:θ iz not so kijn,
 bika:z duw ært not sin,
 a:ldu dij bre(:)θ bi riud.
 hæi-ho: ! siŋ, hæi-ho: ! untu ðe gri:n holi: 180
 mo:st frendſip iz fæiniŋ, mo:st luvij me:r foli:
 ðen, hæi-ho:, ðe holi!
 dis lijf iz mo:st dʒoli.

 fri:z, fri:z, duw biter skij,
 dæt dust not bijt so nij 185
 æz benefits forgot:
 dou duw ðe wæterz wærp,
 dij stiŋ iz not so ʃærp
 æz frend remembred not.
 hæi-ho: ! siŋ, &c. 190

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

it wæz æ luvær ænd hiz læs,
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
 dæt o:r ðe gri:n kornfi:ld did pæs
 in sprinŋ tijm, ðe o:nli preti riŋ tijm, 20
 hwen birdz du siŋ, hæi diŋ æ diŋ, diŋ:
 swi:t luværz luv ðe sprinŋ.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
 25 These prettie Country folks would lie,
 In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
 How that a life was but a Flower,
 30 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For loue is crowned with the prime,
 In spring time, &c.

FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

160 *Pet.*

Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
 Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
 What's this, Mutton?

I. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
 165 What dogges are these? Where is the rascal Cooke?

How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
 And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
 You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd slaues.

170 What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

bitwi:n de æ:kerz ov de rij,
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
 ðe:z preti kuntri fo:ks wu:ld lij, 25
 in sprinj tijm, &c.

ðis kærrol ðæi bigæn ðæt uwr,
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
 huw ðæt æ lijf wæz but æ fluwr
 in sprinj tijm, &c. 30

ænd ðe:rfo:r tæ:k ðe prezent tijm,
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:;
 for luv iz kruwned wið ðe prijm
 in sprinj tijm, &c.

FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

petru:kjō:.] 160
 kum, kært, sit duwn; ij kno: iu hæv æ stumæk.
 wil iu giv θæŋks, swi:t kært; or els ſæl ij?
 hwæts ðis? mut,n?

first servænt.] ij.

petru:kjō:.] hwu: brout it?

pete:r.] ij.

petru:kjō:.] tiz burnt; ænd so: iz a:l ðe mert.
 hwæt dogz ær ðe:z! hwe:r iz ðe ræskæl ku:k? 165
 huw durst iu, vilæinz, briŋ it from ðe dreser,
 ænd serv it ðus tu mi: ðæt luv it not?
 ðe:r, tæ:k it tu iu, trentferz, kups, ænd a:l:
 iu hi:ldes dzoulthedz ænd unmænerd slæ:vz!
 hwæt, ðu iu grumb,l? ijl bi wið iu stræit. 170

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried
away,

And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
175 For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such over-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shal be mended,
180 And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning¹ vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
140 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
145 Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits² his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
150 To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

¹ thretaning. ² maintenance. Commits.

kæ:t.] ij præi iu, huzbænd, bi not so diskwijet:
de mæ:t wæz wel, if iu wer so kontented.

petrukio:.] ij tel ði:, kæ:t, twæz burnt ænd drijd
æwæi;

ænd ij ekspresli æm forbið tu tutʃ it,
for it indzenderz koler, plænteθ æyger; 175
ænd betەر twe:r ðæt bo:θ ov us did fæst,
sins, ov uwrselfz, uwrselfz ær kolerik,
ðen fi:d it wið sutʃ over-ro:sted fleʃ.
bi pæ:sient; tu-morout ʃæl bi mended,
ænd, for ðis niȝt, wił fæst for kumpæni: 180
kum, ij wil briȝ ði tu ðij brijdæl tʃæmber.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

fij, fij! unknit ðæt θre(:)tniȝ unkiȝnd bruw,
ænd ðært not skornful glænsez from ðo:z iȝ,
tu wuwnd ðij lord, ðij kiȝ, ðij guvernor:
it blots ðij beuti æz frosts du biȝt ðe me:dz,
konfuwndz ðij fæ:m æz hwirlwiȝndz ʃæk fæir budz, 140
ænd in no: sens iz mi:t or æ:mɪæb,l.¹
æ wumæn mu:vd iz liȝ æ fuwntæin trubled,
mudi, il-si:miȝ, θik, bireft ov beuti;
ænd hwijl it iz so:, no:n so driȝ or θirsti
wil ðæin tu sip or tutʃ o:n drop ov it. 145
ðij huzbænd iz ðij lord, ðij liȝ, ðij ki:per,
ðij hed, ðij suv(e)ræin; o:n ðæt kæ:rz for ði:,
ænd for ðij mæintenæns komits hiz bodi
tu pæinful læ:bor bo:θ biȝ se: ænd lænd,
tu wætʃ ðe niȝt in stormz, ðe ðæi in kould, 150

¹ Or æ:mɪæbl.

- Whil'ft thou ly'ft warme at home, fecure and fafe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for fo great a debt.
- 155 Such dutie as the fubieft owes the Prince,
Euen fuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when fhe is froward, peeuiſh, fullen, lowre,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebel,
- 160 And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am aſham'd that women are fo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
- 165 Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
- 170 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakenefſe paſt compare,
- 175 That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.
-

hwijlst duw lijst wærm æt ho:m, sekiur ænd sæ:f;
 ænd kræ:vz no uder tribiut æt dij hændz
 but luv, fæir luks ænd triu obe:diens;
 tu: lit,l pæiment for so gre:t æ det.
 sutʃ diuti æz ðe subdʒekt ouz ðe prins 155
 i:vn sutʃ æ wumæn o:eθ tu her huzbænd;
 ænd hwen ʃi ɪz¹ frowærd, pi:viʃ, sulen, suwr,
 ænd not obe:d̩iənt tu hiz onest wil,
 hwæt iz ʃi but æ fuwl kontendiŋ rebel
 ænd græ:sles træitor tu her luviŋ lord? 160
 ij æm æʃæ:md ðæt wimen ær so simp,l
 tu ofer wær hwe:r dæi ʃu:ld kni:l for pers,
 or si:k for riul, siupremæsi ænd swæi,
 hwen dæi ær buwnd tu serv, luv ænd obæi.
 hwij ær uwr bodiz soft ænd we:k ænd smu:θ, 165
 unæpt tu toil ænd trub,l in ðe world,
 but ðæt uwr soft kondiʃionz ænd uwr hærts
 ʃu:ld wel ægri: wið uwr eksternæl pærts?
 kum, kum, iu frowærd ænd unæ:b,l wurmz!
 mij mijnd hæθ bi:n² æz big æz o:n ov iurz, 170
 mij hært æz gre:t, mij re:z,n hæpli mo:r,
 tu bændi word for word ænd fruwn for fruwn;
 but nuw ij si: uwr lænsez ær but stræ:z,
 uwr strenθ æz we:k, uwr we:knes pæst kompær,
 ðæt si:mɪŋ tu bi mo:st hwitʃ wi indi:d le:st æ:r. 175
 ðen væil iur stumæks, for it iz no burt,
 ænd plæ:s iur hændz bilo: iur huzbændz furt:
 in to:k,n ov hwitʃ diuti, if hi ple:z,
 mij hænd iz re(:)di; mæi it du: him e:z.

¹ Or ʃi:z. ² bin.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
 Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
 The appetite may lick, and so dye.
 That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
 5 O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
 O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
 10 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
 Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
 But falles into abatement, and low price
 Euen in a minute; so full of shap is fancie,
 15 That it alone, is high fantastically.

* *

ACT II. SCENE III.

Clowne sings.

40 O Mistress mine where are you roming?
 O stay and heare, your true loues coming,
 That can sing both high and low.
 Trip no further prettie sweeting:
 Iourneys end in louers meeting,
 45 Euery wife mans sonne doth know.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

if miuzik bi ðe furd ov luv, plæi on;
 giv mi ekses ov it, ðæt, surfetiŋ,
 ðe æpetijt mæi sik,n, ænd so: diŋ.
 ðæt stræin ægæin!¹ it hæd æ diŋ fa:l:
 o:, it kæ:m o:r mij e:r lijk ðe swirt suwnd, 5
 ðæt bre:ðz upon æ bæŋk ov vijolets,
 ste:liŋ ænd giviŋ o:dor! inuf; no mo:r:
 tiz not so swirt nuw æz it wæz bifo:r.
 o: spir(i)t ov luv! huw kwik ænd freŋ ært ðuw,
 ðæt, notwiðstændiŋ diŋ kæpæsi 10
 rese:veθ æz ðe se:, nout enterz ðe:r,
 ov hwæt væliditi ænd pitŋ so:e:r,
 but fa:lz intu æbærtment ænd lo: prijs,
 i:vn in æ miniut: so ful ov ŋæ:ps iz fænsi
 ðæt it ælo:n iz hiŋ fæntæstikæl. 15

* * *

ACT II. SCENE III.

[kluwn siŋz.]

o: mistres miŋ, hwe:r ær iu ro:miŋ? 40
 o:, stæi ænd he:r; iur triu luvz ku(:)miŋ,
 ðæt kæn siŋ bo:θ hiŋ ænd lo:
 trip no furder, priti swi:tiŋ;
 dʒurnæiz end in luverz mi:tiŋ
 ev(e)ri wiŋz mænz sun duθ kno:. 45

¹ Or ægen.

What is loue, tis not heereafter,
 Present mirth, hath present laughter:

- 50 What's to come, is still vnfore.
 In delay there lies no plentie,
 Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:
 Youths a stuffe will not endure.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Song.

- COME away, come away death,
 And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
 Flye¹ away, flie² away breath,
 55 I am flaine by a faire cruell maide:
 My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew,
 O prepare it.
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.
- 60 Not a flower, not a flower sweete
 On my blacke coffin, let there be strowne:³
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poore corpes, where my bones shall bethrowne:
 A thousand thousand ligthes to laue,
 65 Lay me ô where
 Sad true louer neuer find my graue,
 To weepe there.

* * *

¹ Fye. ² fie. ³ ftrewne.

hwæt iz luv? tiz not he:ræfter;
 prezent mirθ hæθ prezent læfter;
 hwæts tu kum iz stil unsiur: 50
 in delæi ðer lijz no plenti;
 ðen kum kis mi, swi:rt ænd twenti,
 jiuθs æ stuf wil not endiur.¹

* *

ACT II. SCENE IV.

[soŋ.]

kum æwæi, kum æwæi, de(:)θ,
 ænd in sæd sijpres let mi bi læid;
 fliz æwæi, fliz æwæi, bre(:)θ;
 ij æm slæin bij æ fæir kriuel mæid. 55
 mij fruwd ov hwijt, stuk a:l wið iu,
 o:, prepær it!
 mij pært ov de(:)θ, no o:n so triu
 did fæir it.

not æ fluwr, not æ fluwr swi:rt, 60
 on mij blæk kofin let ðer bi stroun;
 not æ frend, not æ frend gri:rt
 mij purr korps, hwe:r mij bo:nz fæl bi θroun:
 æ θuwzænd θuwzænd sijz tu særv,
 læi mi, o:, hwe:r 65
 sæd triu luvr never² fijnd mij grærv,
 tu wi:p ðe:r!

* *

¹ Or indiur. ² ne:r.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Ol.

How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'ft thou?

20 I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.¹

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad: This does make some obstruccion in the blood: This crosse-gartering, but what of that?² If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is:
25 Please one, and please all.

*Ol.*³ Why how doest thou man?⁴ What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Com-
30 maunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

35 *Ol.* God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you *Maluolio*?

Maluo. At your request:⁴ Yes, Nightingales anfwere Dawes.

40 *Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

¹ *Ll.* 19, 20 printed as one line. ² *Ll.* 21 to 24
(. . . that?) printed as three lines ending sad: — blood:
—that? ³ *Mal.* ⁴ Line ends here.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

olivīæ.]

huw nuw, mælvo:līo:!

mælvo:līo:.] swi:t læ:di, ho:, ho:.

olivīæ.] smijst ðuw?

ij sent for ði: upon æ sæd okæ:zīon. 20

mælvo:līo:.] sæd, læ:di! ij ku:ld bi sæd: ðis duz
mæ:k 'sum obstruksion in ðe blud, ðis kros-gærterin;
but hwæt ov ðæt? if it ple:z ðe ij ov o:n, it iz
wið mi: æz ðe veri triu sonet iz, "ple:z o:n, ænd
ple:z a:l." 25

olivīæ.] hwij, huw dust ðuw, mæn? hwæt
iz ðe mæter wið ði:?

mælvo:līo:.] not blæk in mij mijnd, ðou jelo:
in mij legz. it did kum to hiz hændz, ænd komændz
fæl bi eksekiuted: ij ðiŋk wi du kno: ðe swi:t ro:mæn 30
hænd.

olivīæ.] wilt ðuw go: tu bed, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] tu bed? ij, swi:t-hært, ænd ijl
kum tu ði:.

olivīæ.] god kumfort ði:! hwij dust ðuw 35
smijl so: ænd kis ðij hænd so oft?

mærijæ.] huw du: iu, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] æt iur rekwest! jes; nijtiŋgæ:lz
ænswer ða:z.

mærijæ.] hwij æper iu wið ðis ridikiulus bould- 40
nes bifo:r mij læ:di?

mælvo:līo:.] "bi: not æfræid ov gre:tnes:"
twæz wel writ.

Ol. What meant thou by that *Maluolio*?

45 *Mal.* Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon
50 them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow
stockings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

55 *Mal.* And wilst to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st
to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

60 *Mal.* If not, let¹ me see thee a seruant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsummer madnesse.

FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Her. TAKE the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

5 *Mam.* You'll kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

¹ ler.

olivīæ.] hwæt me:ntst ðuw biȝ dæt, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] "sum ær born gre:t,"— 45

olivīæ.] hæ?

mælvo:līo:.] "sum ætƿi(:)v gre:tnes,"—

olivīæ.] hwæt sæist ðuw?

mælvo:līo:.] "ænd sum hæv gre:tnes ðrust
upon ðem." 50

olivīæ.] he(:)vn resto:r ði:!

mælvo:līo:.] "remember hwu: komended ðij
jelo: stokiȝz,"—

olivīæ.] ðij jelo: stokiȝz!

mælvo:līo:.] "ænd wiȝt tu si: ði kros-gærterd." 55

olivīæ.] kros-gærterd!

mælvo:līo:.] "go: tu:, ðuw ært mæ:d, if ðuw
deziȝrst tu bi: so:,"—

olivīæ.] æm ij mæ:d?

mælvo:līo:.] "if not, let mi si: ði æ servænt stil." 60

olivīæ.] hwij, ðis iz veri midsummer mædnes.

FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

hermijone:.] tæk ðe boi tu: iu: hi: so trub,lz mi:,
tiz pæst indiuriȝ.

læ:di.] kum, mij græ:sīus lord,
ſæl ij bi iur plæi-felo:?

mæmilīus.] no:, ijl no:n ov iu.

læ:di.] hwij, mij swiȝt lord?

mæmilīus.] iul kis mi hærd ænd spe:k tu mi æz if
ij wer æ bæ:bi stil. ij luv iu beter.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for becaufe

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
10 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray
now,

What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a
Ladies Nose
15 That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

.

Her. Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, Ihal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

25 *Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter: I haue one
Of Sprights, and Goblins.¹

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, fit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull
at it.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come fit downe: then on.

¹ *L.* 25 ends with Winter, *l.* 26 with Goblins.

sekond læ:di.] ænd hwij so:, mij lord?

mæmilīus.] not for bika:z

iur bruwz ær blæker; jit blæk bruwz, dæi sæi,

bikum sum wimen best, so dæt ðer bi: not

tu: mutf hæir ðe:r, but in æ semisirk,l, 10

or æ hæ:f-mu:n mæ:d wið æ pen.

sekond læ:di.] hwu: ta:t dis?

mæmilīus.] ij lernd it uwt ov wimenz fæ:sez.

præi nuw

hwæt kulor ær iur ij-bruwz?

læ:di.] bliu, mij lord.

mæmilīus.] næi, dæts æ mok: iju sin æ læ:diz

no:z

dæt hæz bi:n bliu, but not her ij-bruwz. 15

.

hermijone:.] kum, sir, nuw

ij æm for iu ægæin: præi iu, sit bij us,

ænd tels æ tæ:l.

mæmilīus.] meri or sæd fælt bi:?

hermijone:.] æz meri æz iu wil.

mæmilīus.] æ sæd tæ:lz best for winter: ij hæ:v o:n 25
ov sprijts ænd goblinz.

hermijone:.] lets hæ:v dæt, gud sir.

kum on, sit duwn: kum on, ænd du: iur best

tu frijt mi wið iur sprijts; iur puwrful æt it.

mæmilīus.] ðer wæz æ mæn—

hermijone:.] næi, kum, sit duwn; ðen on.

80 *Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it
 softly,
 Yond Crickets fhall not heare it.
Her. Come on then,
 And giu't me in mine eare.¹

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Song.

IOG-ON, Iog-on, the foot-path way,
 And merrily hent the Stile-a:
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 185 Your fad tyres in a Mile-a.

FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A FOOT of Honor better then I was,
 But many a many foot of Land the worfe.
 Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
 185 Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
 And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
 For new made honor doth forget mens names:
 'Tis too respectiue, and too lociable
 For your conuerfion, now your traoueller,
 190 Hee and his tooth-picke at my worfhips melfe,
 And when my knightly ftomacke is fuffis'd,
 Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize
 My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,

¹ Come . . . eare *printed as one line.*

mæmilīus.] dwelt bij æ tʃurtʃjærd: ij wil tel it so
softli;

jond krikets ʃæl not he:r it.

hermijone:.] kum on, den,
ænd givt mi in mijn e:r.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

[son.]

dzog on, dzog on, ðe fu:t-pæθ wæi,
ænd merili hent ðe stīl-æ:
æ meri hært go:z a:l ðe dæi,
iur sæd tīrz in æ mīl-æ.

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FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

æ fu:t ov onor beter den ij wæz;
but mænī æ mæni fu:t ov lænd ðe wurs.
wel, nuw kæn ij mæ:k æni dʒo:n æ læ:di.
“gud den, sir ritʃærd:”—“god-æ-mersi, felo:!”—
ænd if hiz næ:m bi dʒordʒ, ijl ka:l him pe:ter;
for niu-mæ:d onor duθ forget menz næ:mz;
tiz tu: respektiv ænd tu: so:siæb,l¹
for iur konversīon. nuw iur træveler,
hi: ænd hiz tu:θpik æt mij wurʃips mes,
ænd hwen mij knījtli stumæk iz sufijzd,
hwij den ij suk mij ti:θ ænd kætækijz
mij piked mæn ov kuntriz: “mij de:r sir,”

185

190

¹ Or so:siæbl.

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
 195 I shall beseech you; that is question now,
 And then comes answer like an Abbeys booke:
 O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
 At your employment, at your service sir:
 No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
 200 And so ere answer knowes what question would,
 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
 The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE VII.

THIS England neuer did, nor neuer shall
 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
 But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
 115 Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
 Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
 And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
 If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

40 THIS royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
 This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise,
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:

ðus, le:niŋ on miŋ elbo:, ij biŋin,
 “ij ſæl biſi:ſ iu”—ðæt iz kweſtŋon nuw; 195
 ænd ðen kumz ænswer lijk æn æbsi bu:k:
 “o: ſir,” sæiz ænswer, “æt iur beſt komænd;
 æt iur emplotment; æt iur ſerviſ, ſir:”
 “no:, ſir,” sæiz kweſtŋon, “ij, ſwi:t ſir, æt iurz:”
 ænd so:, e:r ænswer knouz hwæt kweſtŋon wu:ld, 200
 sæ:viŋ in diŋælog ov kompliment,
 ænd ta:kiŋ ov ðe ælps ænd æpeni:nz,
 ðe pirene:æn ænd ðe river po:,
 it dra:z to:rd ſuper in konkliu:ŋon so:.

* *

ACT V. SCENE VII.

ðis iŋlænd never did, nor never ſæl,
 liŋ æt ðe pruwð fu:t ov æ konkeror,
 but hwen it fiſt did help tu wuwnd itſelf.
 nuw ðe:z her prinſez ær kum ho:m ægæin, 115
 kum ðe θri: kornerz ov ðe world in ærmz,
 ænd wi: ſæl fok ðem. na:t ſæl mæ:k us riu,
 if iŋlænd tu itſelf du reſt but triu.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ðis roiæl θro:n ov kiŋz, ðis ſeptred ijl, 40
 ðis e(:)rθ ov mædžeſti, ðis ſe:t ov mærz,
 ðis uðer e:d,n, demi-pærædijs,
 ðis fortres bilt biŋ næ:tiur for herſelf
 ægæinſt¹ infe:kŋon ænd ðe hænd ov wær,

¹ Or ægenſt.

- 45 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a Moate defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier Lands,
 50 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realm, this England,

 This Land of such dear souls, this dear-dear Land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
 60 Like to a Tenement or pelling Farme.
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats backe the envious fledge
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
 65 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death?
-

FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

- Prince.* WHAT'S the matter?
 175 *Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of
 vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.
Prince. Where is it, *Iack*? where is it?
 180 *Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a
 hundred vpon poore foure of vs.
Prince. What, a hundred, man?

dis hæpi brid ov men, dis lit,l world, 45
 dis presius ston set in ðe silver se,
 hwitf servz it in ðe ofis ov æ wail
 or æz æ mo:t defensiv tu æ huws,
 ægæinst ðe envi ov les hæpïer lændz,
 dis blesed plot, dis e(:)rθ, dis ri:lm, dis inglænd, 50

 dis lænd ov sutf ðe:r soulz, dis ðe:r ðe:r lænd,
 ðe:r for her repiutæ:sion θru: ðe world,
 iz nuw le:st uwt, ij dij pronuwnsiŋ it,
 lik tu æ tenement or peltiŋ færm: 60
 inglænd, buwnd in wið ðe trijurfænt se,
 hwi:z roki for berts bæc ðe envius si:dʒ
 ov wæt(e)ri neptiun, (i)z nuw buwnd in wið fæ:m,
 wið iŋki blots ænd rot,n pærtfment bondz:
 ðæt inglænd, ðæt wæz wunt tu konker uderz, 65
 hæθ mæ:d æ fæ:mful konkwest ov itself.
 æh, wu:ld ðe skændæl væniŋ wið mij lijf,
 huw hæpi ðen wer mij insiuiŋ de(:)θ!

FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

prins.] hwæts ðe mæter?
 fa:lstæf.] hwæts ðe mæter! he:r bi four ov 175
 us hæv tæ:n æ θuwzænd puwnd dis morniŋ.
 prins.] hwe:r iz it, dzæk? hwe:r iz it?
 fa:lstæf.] hwe:r iz it! tæ:k,n from us it iz: æ 180
 hundred upon pu:r four ov us.
 prins.] hwæt, æ hundred, mæn?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword
 with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue
 185 scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through
 the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler
 cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a
 Hand-law, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since
 I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all
 190 Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or
 lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes
 of darknesse.

Prince. Speake firs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set upon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

195 *Gad.* And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euey
 man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

200 *Gad.* As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen
 fresh men set vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come
 in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

205 *Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all:
 but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a
 bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three
 and fiftie vpon poore olde *Jack*, then am I no two-
 legg'd Creature.

*Prin.*¹ Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered
 210 some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue
 pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed,

¹ *Poin.*

fa:lstæf.] ij æm æ ro:g, if ij wer not æt ha:f-
 sword¹ wið æ duz,n ov ðem tu: uwrz tугeder. ij
 hæv skæ:pt bij miræk,l. ij æm æit tijmz ðrust ðru: ðe 185
 dublet, four ðru: ðe ho:z; mij bukler kut ðru: ænd
 ðru:; mij swu(:)rd¹ hækt lijk æ hænd-sa: — ekse signum!
 ij never delt beter sins ij wæz æ mæn: a:l wu:ld
 not du:. æ plæ:g ov a:l kuwærdz! let ðem spe:k: 190
 if ðæi spe:k mo:r or les ðen triuθ, ðæi ær vilæinz
 ænd ðe sunz ov dærknes.

prins.] spe:k, sirz; huw wæz it?

gædzhil.] wi: four set upon sum duz,n—

fa:lstæf.] sikst:in æt le:st mij lord.

gædzhil.] ænd buwnd ðem.

195

perto:.] no:, no:, ðæi wer not buwnd.

fa:lstæf.] iu ro:g, ðæi we:r buwnd, ev(e)ri mæn
 ov ðem; or ij æm æ d:ziu els, æn e:briu d:ziu.

gædzhil.] æz wi wer fæ:riŋ, sum siks or seven 200
 fre:f men set upon us—

fa:lstæf.] ænd unbuwnd ðe rest, ænd ðen kum
 in ðe uðer.

prins.] hwæt, fout ji wið ðem a:l?

fa:lstæf.] a:l! ij kno: not hwæt ji ka:l a:l; 205
 but if ij fout not wið fifti ov ðem, ij æm æ buntf
 ov rædi:f; if ðer wer not tu: or ðri: ænd fifti upon
 pu:r ould d:zæk, ðen æm ij no tu:-legd kre:tiur.

prins.] præi he(:)vn iu hæv not murder(e)d 210
 sum ov ðem.

fa:lstæf.] næi, ðæts pæst præiŋ for: ij hæv
 peperd tu: ov ðem; tu: ij æm siur ij hæv pæid,

¹ Or swu(:)rd.

two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what,
 215 *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me
 Horfe: thou knowest my olde ward:¹ here I lay,
 and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buck-
 rom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou layd'st but two,
 euen now.

220 *Falst*. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainly
 thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all
 their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

225 *Prince*. Seuen? why there were but foure,
 euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

230 *Falst*. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine
 elle.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, whe shall haue
 more anon.

Falst. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

235 *Falst*. Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning
 too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hoſe.

240 *Falst*. Began to giue me ground; but I followed
 me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought,
 ſeuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men
 245 growne out of two?

¹ word.

tu: ro:gz in bukrom siuts. ij tel di hwæt, hæl, if ij
tel di æ lij, spit in mij fæ:s, ka:l mi hors. ðuw²¹⁵
knouest mij ould wærd: he:r ij læi, ænd ðus ij
bo:r mij point. four ro:gz in bukrom let driyv
æt mi:—

prins.] hwæt, four? ðuw sæidst but tu: i:v,n
nuw.

fa:lstaef.] four, hæl; ij tould di four. 220

poinz.] ij, ij, hi sæid four.

fa:lstaef.] ðe:z four kæ:m a:l æ-frunt, ænd
mæinli θrust æt mi:. ij mæ:d no mo:r ædu: but
tu:k a:l ðæir sev,n points in mij tærget, ðus.

prins.] sev,n? hwij, ðer wer but four i:v,n²²⁵
nuw.

fa:lstaef.] in bukrom?

poinz.] ij, four, in bukrom siuts.

fa:lstaef.] sev,n, bij ðe:z hilts, or ij æm æ²³⁰
vilæin els.

prins.] pridi:, let him ælo:n; wi ðæl hæ:v mo:r
ænon.

fa:lstaef.] dust ðuw he:r mi, hæl?

prins.] ij, ænd mærk di tu:, dzæk.

fa:lstaef.] du: so, for it iz wurθ ðe listniȝ tu:.²³⁵
ðe:z niȝ in bukrom ðæt ij tould di ov—

prins.] so:, tu: mo:r a:lre(:)di.

fa:lstaef.] ðæir points bi:ȝ bro:k,n—

poinz.] ðuwn fel (h)iz ho:z.

fa:lstaef.] bigæn tu giv mi gruwnd: but ij²⁴⁰
foloud mi klo:s, kæ:m in fu:t ænd hænd; ænd wið
æ θout sev,n ov ðe elev,n ij pæid.

prins.] o: monstus! elev,n bukrom men groun
uwt ov tu:!

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three
mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at
my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke,
Hal, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

.

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these
men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke,
thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs
your reason: what say'st thou to this?

260 *Poin.* Come, your reason *Iack*, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were
I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World,
I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a
reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie
265 as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason
vpon compulsion, I.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

FARE thee well¹ great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
90 A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not alieue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
95 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderesse.

¹ Farewell *F*, Fare thee well *Q*.

fa:lstæf.] but, æz ðe di:v,l wu:ld hæ:v it, θri:
misbigot,n knæ:vz in kendæl gri:n kæ:m æt mij
bæk ænd let dri:v æt mi; for it wæz so dærk, hæl,
ðæt ðuw ku:ldst not si: ðij hænd.

.
prins.] hwij, huw ku:ldst ðuw kno: ðe:z men
in kendæl gri:n, hwen it wæz so dærk ðuw ku:ldst
not si: ðij hænd? kum, tel us iur re:z,n: hwæt sæist
ðuw tu dis?

poinz.] kum, iur re:z,n, dʒæk, iur re:z,n. 260

fa:lstæf.] hwæt, upon kompuls̃ion? no:: we:r
ij æt de stræpæ:do, or æl ðe ræks in ðe world,
ij wu:ld not tel iu on kompuls̃ion. giv iu æ re:z,n
on kompuls̃ion! if re:z,nz wer æz plenti æz blæk-
beriz, ij wu:ld giv no: mæn æ re:z,n upon kom- 265
puls̃ion, ij.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

fæ:r ði wel, gre:t hært!

il-we:vd æmbis̃ion, huw mutf ært ðuw fruŋk!
hwen ðæt ðis bodi did kontæin æ spirit,
æ kiŋdum for it wæz tu: sma:l æ buwnd; 90
but nuw tu: pæ:sez ov ðe vijlest e(:)rθ
iz ru:m inuf: ðis e(:)rθ ðæt be:rz ðe ded
be:rz not ælijv so stuwt æ dʒent,lmæn.
if ðuw wert sensib,l ov kurtesi
ij fu:ld not mærk so gre:t æ fo: ov ze:l: 95
but, let mij fæ:vorz hijd ðij mæŋgled fæ:s;
ænd, i:v n in ðij biha:f, ijl θæŋk mijsel:f
for du:ŋ ðe:z fæir rijts ov tendernes.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
 100 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

HOW many thouland of my pooreft Subiects
 5 Are at this howre afleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
 Natures foft Nurfe, how haue I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
 And fteepe my Sences in Forgetfulneffe?
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeft thou in fmoakie Cribs,
 10 Vpon vneafie Pallads ftretching thee,
 And huiſht with buſſing Night-flyes¹ to thy flumber,
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
 Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State,
 And lull'd with founds of ſweeteſt Melodie?
 15 O thou dull God, why lyeft thou with the vilde,
 In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch,
 A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt,
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
 20 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the viſitation of the Windes,
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
 Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the flipp'ry Clouds,
 25 That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?

¹ Night, flyes.

ædiu, ænd tæk dij præiz wið di tu he(:)v,n!
 dij ignomi sli:p wið di in ðe græ:v, 100
 but not remembred in dij epitæf!

FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

huw mæni θuwzænd ov mij purest subdʒekts
 ær æt ðis uwr æsli:p! o: sli:p, o: dʒent,l sli:p, 5
 næ:tiurz soft nurs, huw hæv ij frijted ði,
 ðæt ðuw no mo:r wilt wæi mij ijlidz duwn
 ænd sti:p mij sensez in forgetfulnes?
 hwij ræder, sli:p, lijst ðuw in smo:ki kribz,
 upon une:zi pælædz stretʃiŋ ði: 10
 ænd hwi:ft¹ wið buziŋ ni:t-fli:z tu ðij slumber,
 ðen in ðe perfiumd tʃæmberz ov ðe gre:t,
 under ðe kænopiz ov kostli stært,
 ænd luld wið suwndz ov swi:rest melodi?
 o: ðuw dul god, hwij lijst ðuw wið ðe vijld 15
 in lo:θsum bedz, ænd le:vst ðe kiŋli kuwtʃ
 æ wætʃ-kæ:s or æ komon lærum-bel?
 wilt ðuw upon ðe hij ænd gidi mæst
 sei:l up ðe ʃip-boiz ijz, ænd rok hiz bræinz
 in kræ:d,l ov ðe riud impe:rrius surdz 20
 ænd in ðe vizitæ:sion ov ðe wijndz,
 hwu: tæk ðe rufiæn bilouz bij ðe top,
 kurliŋ ðæir monstrus hedz ænd hæŋgiŋ ðem
 wið defniŋ klæmorz in ðe sli:pri kluwdz,
 ðæt, wið ðe hurli, de(:)θ itself æwæ:ks? 25

¹ Or huft.

Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
 And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
 With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
 30 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
 Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

* *

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

WILL Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
 But write her faire words still in fouleſt Letters?
 105 Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,
 (Such are the poore, in health) or elle a Feast,
 And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,
 That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.¹

Kath. Alice, tu as esté² en Angleterre, et
 tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. Un³ peu Madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enſigniez, il faut que
 5 ie apprenne⁴ a parler:⁵ Coment⁶ appelez⁷ vous
 la⁸ main en Anglois?

Alice. La⁹ main, elle¹⁰ eſt¹¹ appelee⁷ de Hand.

¹ *In order to serve as a basis for a "received" pronunciation, the text has been altered also in places where the F readings may be original (cf. le for la and les, apprend for apprenne, &c.). The Q texts differ so much that they have been disregarded. A few commas, &c. have been omitted or supplied.* ² este. ³ En.
⁴ apprend. ⁵ parlen. ⁶ Comient. ⁷ appelle. ⁸ le.
 ⁹ Le. ¹⁰ il. ¹¹ &.

kænst duw, o: pærsǣl sli:p, giv ðij repo:z
 tu ðe wet se:boi in æn uwr so riud,
 ænd in ðe ka:mest ænd mo:st stilest niȝt,
 wið a:l æplijænsez ænd me:nz tu bu:t,
 denij it tu æ kiȝ? ðen hæpi lo:, lij duwn!
 une:zi lijz ðe hed ðæt we:rz æ kruwn.

30

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE IV. °

wil fortiun never kum wið bo:θ hændz ful,
 but wriȝt her fæir wordz stil in fuwlest leterz?
 ȝi e:ðer givz æ stumæk ænd no fu:d;
 sutȝ ær ðe pu:r, in helθ; or els æ fe:st
 ænd tæ:ks æwæi ðe stumæk; sutȝ ær ðe ritȝ,
 ðæt hæv æbundæns ænd indzoi it not.

105

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV. ¹

kæθerin.] alisə, ty a(z) ete ā:n ā:ȝlōtər:ə, e ty
 bjī: parla lə lāga:zə.

ælis.] ȝ: pə, madamə.

kæθerin.] zə tə pri:ə mā:sepe:; il fo: kə zəprən
 a parle: kū:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: la mēi: ā:n ā:ȝlōē: ? 5

ælis.] la mēi: ? əl ɛ:t apəle: "de hænd." ²

¹ In our *F.* transcription, which can be only tentative, e, o, and ɛ, ɔ, stand for the close and open sounds respectively, whilst no distinction between different shades of "a" (a) and "eu" (ə) sounds has been attempted. i and y (= "u") are always close. ə is the indistinct "e féminin," ɥ, non-syllabic y. Nasal vowels are denoted by ɪ̃, &c. Vowel-length is more or less doubtful. The only new consonant is ɲ, i. e. the palatal nasal sound = "gn." ² Or, after the *F.* manner, də hā:(n)d.

Kath. De Hand. E les¹ doyts? ²

*Alice.*³ Les⁴ doyts, ma foy le oublie, les
 10 doyts,⁵ mays ie me fouien(d)ray,⁶ les¹ doyts, ie
 pense qu'ils sont⁷ appellés⁸ de fingres, oui,⁹ de
 fingres.

*Kath.*¹⁰ La⁴ main de Hand, les¹ doyts de¹
 Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.
 15 l'ay gaynié¹¹ deux¹² mots d'Anglois viftement,
 coment appelez⁸ vous les¹ ongles?

Alice. Les⁴ ongles, nous¹³ les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles, escoute: dites moy, si ie
 parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

20 *Alice.* C'est bien dict Madame, il est¹⁴ fort
 bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E le¹⁵ coude? ¹⁶

25 *Alice.* D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: le m'en¹⁷ fay la¹ repetition ¹⁸
 de tous les mots que vous m'avés¹⁹ apprins des a
 present.

Alice. Il est¹⁴ trop difficile Madame, comme
 30 le pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, escoute, d'Hand, de
 Fingres,²⁰ de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en¹⁷ oublie, d'Elbow,
 coment appelez⁸ vous le col?

¹ le. ² E le doyts *given to Alice.* ³ Kat. ⁴ Le.
⁵ e doyt. ⁶ fouemeray. ⁷ ont. ⁸ appelle. ⁹ on.
¹⁰ Alice. *Only the second sentence given to Kath.*
¹¹ gaynie. ¹² diux. ¹³ nous *om.* ¹⁴ &. ¹⁵ de.
¹⁶ coudee. ¹⁷ men. ¹⁸ repiticio. ¹⁹ maves. ²⁰ Fingre.

kæθerin.] “de hænd.” e læ: dōē:?

ælis.] læ: dōē: ma fōē, ʒubli:ə læ: dōē:; mæ: ʒə 10
mə suvji:(d)re. læ: dōē: ʒə pā:sə kil sū:t apəle: “de
fingerz;” wi, “de fingerz.”¹

kæθerin.] la mēi:, “de hænd;” læ: dōē:, “de
fingerz;” ʒə pā:sə kə ʒə sʊi lə bū:n ekolje:; ʒe
gaŋe də: mo: dā:glōē: vitəmā:. kū:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: 15
ləz ū:glə?

ælis.] læz ū:glə? nu: læz apəlū: “de næilz.”²

kæθerin.] “de næilz.” eku:tə; ditə-mōē si ʒe
parlə bjī: “de hænd,” “de fingerz,” e “de næilz.”

ælis.] sē: bjī: di, madamə; il ɛ: fə:r bū:n 20
ā:glōē:.

kæθerin.] ditə-mōē lā:glōē: pu:r lə bra:.

ælis.] “de ærm,”³ madamə.

kæθerin.] e lə ku:də?

ælis.] “delbo:”⁴

25

kæθerin.] “delbo:” ʒə mā: fē: la repetisjū:
də tu: læ: mo: kə vu: mave:(z) aprī:⁵ dē:z a
prezā:.

ælis.] il ɛ: trɔ(p) difisilə, madamə, kū:mə ʒə
pā:sə. 30

kæθerin.] ɛksky:zə-mōē, alisə; eku:tə: “dænd,”
“de fingerz,” “de næilz,” “dærmæ,”⁶ “de bilbo:.”

ælis.] “delbo:,” madamə.

kæθerin.] o: seŋə:r djə, ʒə mā:n ubli:ə! “delbo:.”
kū:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: lə kɔl?⁷

¹ Or fi:(j)græz (cf. p. 107, note 2).

² næilz (cf. ib.).

³ arm.

⁴ delbo.

⁵ aprī: (if we read “*appris*”).

⁶ darmə.

⁷ ku:.

35 *Alice.* De Neck,¹ Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton?

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton
40 de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité²
vous pronounciés³ les mots auli droict, que les⁴
Natifs d'Angleterre.

FROM KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

NOW is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our houle
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.

5 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled

Front:

10 And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,
15 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loues Maiesty,

¹ Nick.

² verite.

³ pronouncies.

⁴ le.

ælis.] "de nek," madamə.

35

kæθerin.] "de nik." e læ mǣrtū?

ælis.] "de tfin."

kæθerin.] "de sin." læ kōl, "de nik;" læ mǣrtū;
"de sin."

40

ælis.] wi. so:f vōtr ū:nē:r, ā: verite, vu:
prōnū:sje: lē: mō:(z) o:si drōē kē lē: natif dā:glōtērē.

FROM KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

nuw iz de winter ov uwr diskontent
mæ:d glō:rīus sumer bij ðis sun ov jork;
ænd a:l de kluwdz ðæt luwrd upon uwr huws
in de di:p bu:zom ov de o:sīæn berid.
nuw ær uwr bruwz buwnd wið vikto:rīus wre:dz; 5
uwr briuzed ærmz huȝ up for moniuments;
uwr stern ælærumz tʃændʒd tu meri mi:tiȝz
uwr dredful mærtʃez tu delijtful me(:)ziurz.
grim-vizædzd wær hæθ smu:dd hiz wrinkled frunt;

ænd nuw, insted ov muwntiȝ bærbed sti:dz 10
tu frijt de soulz ov fe:rful ædversæriz,
hi kæ:perz nimbli in æ læ:diz tʃæmber
tu de læsivūs ple:ziȝ ov æ liut.
but ij, ðæt æm not ʃæ:pt for sportiv triks,
nor mæ:d tu ku:rt æn æm(o)rus lu:kiȝ-glæs; 15
ij, ðæt æm riudli stæmpt, ænd wænt luvz mædz(e)sti

To strut before a wanton¹ ambling Nymph:
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
 20 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable;
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
 25 Haue no delight to passe away the time,
 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
 And descant on mine owne Deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
 30 I am determined to proue a Villaine,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

THE tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
 The most arch deed of pittious massacre
 That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, who I did suborne
 5 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
 Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
 10 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
 Within their Alabaster innocent Armes:
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.

¹ wonton.

tu strut befo:r æ wænton æmbliŋ nimf;
 ij, ðæt æm kurtæild ov ðis fæir propors̃on,
 t̃feted ov fetiur bij disembling næ:tiur,
 deformd, unfinift, sent befo:r mij tijm 20
 intu ðis bre:diŋ world, skærs ha:f mæ:rd up,
 ænd ðæt so: læ:mli ænd unfæ:ʃonæb,l
 ðæt dogz bærk æt mi: æz ij ha:lt bij ðem;
 hwij, ij, in ðis we:k piŋiŋ tijm ov pe:s,
 hæv no: delijt tu pæs æwæi ðe tijm, 25
 unles tu si: mij fædo: in ðe sun
 ænd deskænt on mijn oun deformiti:
 ænd ðe:rfo:r, sins ij kænot pru:v æ luver,
 tu entertæin ðe:z fæir wel-spo:k,n dæiz,
 ij æm determined tu pru:v æ vilæin 30
 ænd hæ:t ðe ijd,l ple(:)ziurz ov ðe:z dæiz.

* *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

ðe tirænus ænd bludi ækt iz dun,
 ðe mo:st ært̃ʃ di:d ov pit̃i:us mæsæker
 ðæt ever j̃it ðis lænd wæz gilti ov.
 diŋton ænd forest, hwu: ij did suborn
 tu du: ðis pi:s ov riuθful but̃feri, 5
 a:lbi:(i)t ðæi wer fleʃt vilæinz, bludi dogz,
 melted wid tendernes ænd kijnd kompæ:ʃon
 wept lijk tu: t̃fildren in ðæir de(:)θs sæd stor:ri.
 "o: ðus," kwoθ diŋton, "læi ðe d̃zent,l bæ:ʃbz:"
 "ðus, ðus," kwoθ forest, "girdliŋ o:n ænuder 10
 widin ðæir ælæblæster inosent ærmz:
 ðæir lips wer four red ro:zez on æ sta:k,
 ænd in ðæir sumer beuti kist e:t̃ʃ uder.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
 15 Which once¹ (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:
 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
 20 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

* *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Cat. RESCUE my Lord of Norfolke, Rescue,
Rescue:²

The King enacts more wonders then a man,
 Daring an opposite to euery danger:
 His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
 5 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for
a Horse.

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to
a Horse.

Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
 10 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
 Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

¹ one *F*, once *Q*.

² Rescue, Rescue: *a separate line.*

æ bu:k ov præi:rz on dæir pilo: læi;
 hwitf o:ns," kwoθ forest, "a:lmo:st tʃændʒd mij mijnd; 15
 but o:! de di:vil"—dæir de vilæin stopt;
 hwen di:ʒton ðus tould on: "wi smuðerd
 de mo:st replenifed swi:t wurk ov næ:tiur,
 dæt from de prijm kreæ:sion e:r ʃi fræ:md."
 hens bo:θ ær go:n wið konsi:ens ænd remors; 20
 dæi ku:ld not spe:k; ænd so: ij left ðem bo:θ,
 tu be:r dis ti:diŋz tu de bludi kiŋ.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

kæ:tsbi.] reskiu, mij lord ov norfouk, reskiu,
 reskiu!

de kiŋ enækts mo:r wunderz ðen æ mæn,
 dæ:riŋ æn opozit tu ev(e)ri dændʒer:
 hiz hors iz slæin, ænd a:l on furt hi fi:ʒts,
 si:kiŋ for riti:mond in de θro:t ov de(:)θ. 5
 reskiu, fæir lord, or els de dæi iz lost!

riti:færd.] æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ
 hors!

kæ:tsbi.] wiθdra:, mij lord! ijl help iu tu æ
 hors.

riti:færd.] slæ:v, ij hæv set mij li:f upon æ kæst,
 ænd ij wil stænd de hæzærd ov de di:ʒ: 10
 ij θiŋk ðer bi siks riti:fmondz in de fi:ld;
 fi:v hæv ij slæin tu-dæi insted ov him.
 æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ hors!

FROM KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II.

FAREWELL!¹ A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
 This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
 The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
 And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:
 355 The third day, comes a Froft; a killing Froft,
 And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
 His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
 And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
 Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
 360 This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
 But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
 At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
 Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
 Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.
 365 Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
 I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauors?
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
 That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
 370 More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
 And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
 Neuer to hope againe.

¹ Farewell?.

FROM KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II.

færwel! æ loŋ færwel, tu a:l mij gre:tnes!
 ðis iz ðe stæ:t ov mæn: tu-dæi hi puts furð
 ðe tender le:vz ov ho:ps; tu-moro: blosomz,
 ænd be:rz hiz blufiŋ onorz ðik upon him;
 ðe ðird dæi kumz æ frost, æ kilinŋ frost, 855
 ænd hwen hi ðinŋks, gud e:zi mæn, ful siurli
 hiz gre:tnes iz æ-rijpninŋ, nips hiz rut,
 ænd den hi fa:lz, æz ij du: ij hæv ventiu:rd,¹
 lijk lit,l wænton boiz ðæt swim on blæderz,
 ðis mæni sumerz in æ se: ov glo:ri, 860
 but fær bi-jond mij depθ: mij hij-bloun prijd
 æt leŋθ bro:k under mi: ænd nuw hæz left mi,
 we:ri ænd ould wið servis, tu ðe mersi
 ov æ riud stre:m, ðæt must for ever hijd mi:
 væin pomp ænd glo:ri ov ðis world, ij hæ:t jī: 865
 ij fi:l mij hæ:t niu o:p,nd. o: huw wretsfed
 iz ðæt pur mæn ðæt hæŋz on prinsez fær:vorz!
 ðer iz, bitwikst ðæt smijl wi wu:ld æspijr tu,
 ðæt swi:t æspekt ov prinsez, ænd ðeir riuin,
 mo:r pæŋz ænd fe:rz ðen wæ:rz or wimen hæ:v: 870
 ænd hwen hi fa:lz, hi fa:lz lijk liusifer,
 never tu ho:p ægæin.

¹ Or venterd.

FROM CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

NAY, go not from vs thus:

If it were so, that our request did tend
 To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs
 135 As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
 Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
 May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
 This we receiu'd, and each in either side
 Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
 140 For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great
 Sonne)

The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curles:
 145 Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
 But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
 Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
 To th'insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
 Thou hast affected the fine¹ straines of Honor,
 150 To imitate the graces of the Gods.
 To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
 And yet to charge² thy Sulphure with a Boul
 That should but riue an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
 Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
 155 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,

¹ fine.

² change.

FROM CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

næi, go: not from us dus.

if it we:r so: ðæt uwr rekwest did tend
 tu særv ðe ro:mænz, ðe:rbij tu destroi
 ðe volse:z hwu:m iu serv, iu miȝt kondem us,
 æz poiznus ov iur onor: no:; uwr siut 135
 iz, ðæt iu rekonsijl ðem: hwijl ðe volse:z
 mæi sæi "ðis mersi wi hæv foud;" ðe ro:mænz,
 "ðis wi rese:vd;" ænd ertf in e:ðer sijð
 giv ðe a:l-hæil tu di:, ænd krij "bi: blest
 for mæ:kiȝ up ðis pe:s!" ðuw knoust, gre:t sun, 140

ðe end ov wærz unsertæin, but ðis sertæin,
 ðæt, if ðuw konker ru:m, ðe benefit
 hwitf ðuw fælt ðe:rbij re:p iz sutf æ næ:m,
 hwu:z repetiſion wil bi dogd wið kursez;
 hwu:z kronik,l ðus writ: "ðe mæn wæz no:b,l, 145
 but wið hiz læst ætempt hi wijpt it uwt;
 destroid hiz kuntri, ænd hiz næ:m remæinz
 tu ðinsiuiȝ æ:ðz æbhord." spe:k tu mi:, sun:
 ðuw hæst æfekted ðe fiȝn stræinz ov onor,
 tu imitært ðe græ:sez ov ðe godz: 150
 tu te:r wið ðunder ðe wijd tſi:ks o ðæir
 ænd jit tu tſærdz ðij sulfur wið æ boult
 ðæt fu:ld but rijv æn o:k. hwij dust not spe:k?
 ðiȝkst ðuw it on(o)ræbl for æ no:b,l mæn
 stil tu remember wroȝz? ðarter, spe:k iu: 155
 hi kæ:rz not for iur wi:piȝ. spe:k ðuw, boi:

Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
 Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
 160 Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
 Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
 When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
 Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
 Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,
 165 And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain't from me the Duty, which
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
 Down Ladies: let vs shame him with our knees
 170 To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
 Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
 This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
 And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
 175 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
 Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
 Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
 His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
 180 Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:
 I am husht vntill our City be afire,
 And then Ile speak a litle.¹

¹ & then ile speak a litle, *not beginning a new line.*

perhæps dij tſijldiſnes wil mu:v him mo:r
 den kæn uwr re:z,nz. derz no: mæn in de world
 mo:r buwnd tuz muder; jīt he:r hi lets mi præ:t
 lijk o:n id stoks. duw (hæ)st never in dij lijf 160
 foud dij de:r muder æni kurtesi,
 hwen ſi:, pu:r hen, fond ov no: ſekond bru:d,
 hæz klokt di tu de wærz ænd sæ:fli ho:m,
 lo:d,n wið onor. sæi mij rekwests undꝥust,
 ænd ſpurn mi bæ:k¹: but if it bi: not so:, 165
 duw ært not onest; ænd de godz wil plæ:ḡ di:,
 dæt duw restræinst from mi: de diuti hwitf
 tū æ muderz pært bilonꝥ. hi turnz æwæi:
 duwn, læ:diz; let us ſæ:m him wið uwr kni:z.
 tū (h)iz surnæ:m koriolæ:nus lonꝥ mo:r prijd 170
 den piti tu uwr præi,rz. duwn: æn end;
 diis iz de læst: so: wi wil ho:m tu ru:m,
 ænd dij æmonꝥ uwr ne:borz:² næi, bihoulds:
 diis boi, dæt kænot tel hwæt hi wu:ld hæ:v,
 but kni:lz ænd houldz up hændz for felo:ſip, 175
 duz re:z,n uwr petiſion wið mo:r streḡð
 den duw hæst tu denijt. kum, let us go: :
 diis felo: hæd æ volsæen tu hiz muder;
 hiz wijf iz in korij(o)le:z, ænd hiz tſijld
 lijk him bij tſæns. jīt giv us uwr dispætſ: 180
 ij (æ)m huſt until uwr ſiti bi: æfijr,
 ænd den ijl ſpe:k æ lit,l.

¹ Or næiborz.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

25 *Rom.* She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
 As glorious to this night being ore my head,
 As is a winged meffenger of heauen
 Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
 30 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
 And failes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
 35 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,
 And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake
 at this?

Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
 Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
 40 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
 Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part¹
 Belonging to a man.² O be some other name!
 What's in a name? that³ which we call a Rose,
 By any other word would smell as sweete,
 45 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
 Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
 Without that title. *Romeo*,⁴ doffe thy name,
 And for thy name which is no part of thee,
 Take all my selfe.

¹ N. a., n. f., O be some other name *QF.* ² Line
 ending here *QF.* ³ What? in a names that. ⁵ title *Romeo*.,

ACT II. SCENE II.

o:, spe:k ægæin, brijt ændʒ,!! for duw ært
æz glɔ:rɪus tu ðis ni:t, bi:(i)ŋ o:r mij hed,
æz iz æ wiŋged mesendʒer ov he(:)vn
untu ðe hwi:t-upturned wundriŋ i:z
ov mortælz ðæt fa:l bæ:k tu gæ:z on him
hwen hi bistrijdz ðe læ:zi pu:fɪŋ kluwdz
ænd sæilz upon ðe bu:zom ov ðe æir.

denij dij fæder ænd refiuz dij næ:m;
or, if duw wilt not, bi: but sworn mij luv, 35
ænd ijl no longer bi: æ kæpiulet.

dziulſet.] tiz but diſ næ:m ðæt iz miſ enemi;
duw ært diſſelf, ðou not æ muwntægju.
hwæts muwntægju? it iz nor hænd, nor furt, 40
nor ærm, nor fæ:s, nor æni uder pært
biſongig tu æ mæn. o:, bi: ſum uder næ:m!
hwæts in æ næ:m? ðæt hwitſ wi ka:l æ ro:z
biſ æni uder word wu:ld ſmel æz ſwit;
ſo: ro:mëo: wu:ld, we(:)r hi not ro:mëo: ka:ld, 45
retæin ðæt de:r perfekſion hwitſ hi ouz
widuwt ðæt tijt,l. ro:mëo:, doſ diſ næ:m,
ænd for diſ næ:m hwitſ iz no pært ov di:
tæ:k a:l miſſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 50 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
 Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

.

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on
 my face,
 Elle would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheekes,
 For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
 What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
 90 Doeft thou Loue me?¹ I know thou wilt say I,
 And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'ft,
 Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
 They say *Ioue* laughs,² oh gentle *Romeo*,
 If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
 95 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
 Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
 In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
 And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour³ light,
 100 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
 Then those that haue more cunning⁴ to be strange,
 I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
 But that thou ouer heard'ft ere I was ware
 My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
 105 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
 Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed⁵ Moone I vow,
 That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.

Iul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant
 Moone,

¹ me *om.* *F*, me *Q*. ² laught. ³ behauour *F*, h. *Q*.
⁴ coying *F*, more cunning *Q*. ⁵ blessed *om.* *F*, bl. *Q*.

ro:mëo:.] ij tæk di æt dij word:
 ka:l mi but luv, ænd ijl bi niu bæptijzd; 50
 hensfurð ij never wil bi ro:meo:.

.
 dʒiuliet.] ðuw knoust ðe mæsk ov nijt iz on 85
 mij fæ:s,
 els wuld æ mæid,n bluf bipæint mij tʃi:k
 for ðæt hwitʃ ðuw hæst hærd mi spe:k tu-nijt.
 fæin wuld ij dwel on form, fæin, fæin denij
 hwæt ij hæv spok: but fæ:rwel kompliment!
 dust ðuw luv mi? ij kno: ðuw wilt sæi "ij," 90
 ænd ij wil tæk dij word: jit, if ðuw swe:rst
 ðuw mæist pru:v fa:ls; æt luvæz perðʒiuriz,
 ðæi sæi, dʒo:v læfs. o: dʒent,l ro:meo:,
 if ðuw dust luv, pronuwns it fæiθfuli:
 or if ðuw θiŋkst ij æm tu: kwikli wun, 95
 ijl fruwn ænd bi pervers ænd sæi di næi,
 so ðuw wilt wu:; but els, not for ðe world.
 in triuθ, fæir muwntægiu, ij æm tu: fond,
 ænd ðærfo:r ðuw mæist θiŋk mij hæ:vior lijt:
 but trust mi:, dʒent,l mæn, ijl pru:v mo:r triu 100
 ðen ðo:z ðæt hæ:v mo:r kuniŋ tu bi strændʒ.
 ij fu:ld hæv bi:n mo:r strændʒ, ij must konfes,
 but ðæt ðuw overhærdst, e:r ij wæz wæ:r,
 mij triu luvz pæsiøn: ðærfo:r pærdon mi:,
 ænd not impiut ðis jilidiŋ tu lijt luv, 105
 hwitʃ ðe dærk nijt hæθ so: diskuvered.

ro:mëo:.] læ:di, bij jonder blesed mu:n ij vuw
 ðæt tips wið silver a:l ðe:z friut-tri: tops—
 dʒiuliet.] o:, swe:r not bij ðe mu:n, ðinkonstænt
 mu:n,

110 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
 Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Iul. Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
 Which is the God of my Idolatry,

115 And Ile beleeeue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare loue.

Iuli. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,

It is too rash, too vnaduif'd, too sudden,

Too like the lightning which doth cease to be

120 Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:

This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,

May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:

Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,

Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

125 *Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?

Iuli. What satisfaction can't thou haue to
 night?

Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow
 for mine.

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did't
 request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

130 *Rom.* Would't thou withdraw it? For what
 purpose Loue? ¹

Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

And yet I wilh but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,

My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

135 The more I haue, for both are Infinite.

* * *

¹ For . . . Loue? *a separate line.*

ðæt munðli tʃændʒez in her sirkled orb, 110

lest ðæt diʒ luv pru:v lijkwiʒ væ:rɪæb,l.¹

ro:məo:.] hwæt ʃæl ij swe:r biʒ?

dʒiuliət.] du not swe:r æt a:l;

or, if ðuw wilt, swe:r biʒ diʒ græ:sɪus self,

hwitʃ iz ðe god ov miʒ ijdolætri,

ænd iʒl bili:v di:. 115

ro:məo:.] if miʒ hærts de:r luv—

dʒiuliət.] wel, du not swe:r a:lðou ij dʒoi in di:,

ij hæ:v no dʒoi ov ðis kontrækt tu-niʒt:

it iz tu: ræʃ, tu: unædvijzd, tu: sudæin;²

tu: lijk ðe liʒtniʒ, hwitʃ duθ se:s tu bi:

e:r o:n kæn sæi “it liʒt,nz.” swi:t, gud niʒt! 120

ðis bud ov luv, biʒ sumerz riʒpniʒ bre(:)θ,

mæi pru:v æ beutɪus fluwr hwen nekst wi mi:t.

gud niʒt, gud niʒt! æz swi:t repo:z ænd rest

kum tu diʒ hært æz ðæt wiðin miʒ brest!

ro:məo:.] o:, wilt ðuw le:v mi so: unsætisfiʒd? 125

dʒiuliət.] hwæt sætisfæksɪon kænst ðuw hæ:v
tu-niʒt?

ro:məo:.] ðekstʃændʒ ov diʒ luvz fæiθful vuw
for miʒn.

dʒiuliət.] ij gæ:v di miʒn biʒo:r ðuw didst
rekwest it:

ænd ʒit ij wu:ld it we(:)r tu giv ægæin.

ro:məo:.] wu:ldst ðuw wiðdra: it? for hwæt 130
purpos, luv?

dʒiuliət.] but tu bi fræŋk, ænd giv it di ægæin.

ænd ʒit ij wiʃ but for ðe θiʒ ij hæ:v:

miʒ buwnti iz æz buwndles æz ðe se:,

miʒ luv æz di:p; ðe mo:r ij giv tu di:,

ðe mo:r ij hæ:v, for bo:θ ær infinit. 135

* * *

¹ Or væriæb(,)l.

² sud,n.

ACT V. SCENE I.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
 My dreames presage some ioyfull news at hand:
 My bosomes Lord¹ sits lightly in his throne:
 And all this day an vnaccustom'd² spirit,
⁵ Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
¹⁰ Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe posselt,
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Bru. ROMANS, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare
 mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare.
¹⁵ Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to
 mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me
 in your Wifedom, and awake your Senses, that you
 may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this
 Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I
²⁰ say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then
 his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus*
 rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I
 lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had
 you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues;

¹ L.² thisan day an vccustom'd.

ACT V. SCENE I.

if ij mæi trust de flæt(e)riŋ triuθ ov sli:p,
 mij dre:mz presæ:dʒ sum dʒoiful niuz æt hænd:
 mij bu:zomz lord sits lijtli in hiz θro:n;
 ænd a:l dis dæi æn unækustomd spirit
 lifts mi æbu:v de gruwnd wið tʃe:rful θouts. 5
 ij dremt mij læ:di kæ:m ænd fuwnd mi ded—
 strændʒ dre:m, dæt givz æ ded mæn le:v tu θiŋk!—
 ænd bre:dd sutʃ li:f wið kisez in mij lips,
 dæt ij revijvd, ænd wæz æn emperor.
 æh mi: ! huw swi:t iz luv itselv pozest, 10
 hwen but luvz ʃædouz ær so ritiʃ in dʒoi !

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

briutus.] ro:mænz, kuntrimen, ænd luværz ! he:r
 mi for mij ka:z, ænd bi: sijlent, dæt iu mæi he:r:
 bili:v mi for mijn onor, ænd hæ:v respekt tu 15
 mijn onor, dæt iu mæi bili:v: sensiur mi in iur
 wizdum, ænd æwæ:k iur sensez, dæt iu mæi
 de beter dʒudz. if ðer bi: æni in dis æsembli,
 æni ðe:r frend ov se:zærz, tu him ij sæi, dæt
 briutus luv tu se:zær wæz no les ðen hiz.¹ if 20
 ðen dæt frend demænd hwij briutus ro:z ægæinst
 se:zær, dis iz mij ænswer:—not dæt ij luvd se:
 zær les, but dæt ij luvd ru:m mo:r. hæd iu
 ræder se:zær we(:)r liviŋ ænd di: a:l slæ:vz,

¹ Or his.

25 then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men?
 As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he
 was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant,
 I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew
 him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for
 30 his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death,
 for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would
 be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended.
 Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman?
 35 If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere
 so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,
 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

.
An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me
 your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:
 80 The euill that men do, liues after them,
 The good is oft enterred with their bones,
 So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,
 85 And greeuouly hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
 Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest
 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
 So are they all; all Honourable men)
 Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.
 90 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;
 But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
 He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
 Whole Ranfomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
 95 Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?
 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

den ðæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men? æz se:- 25
 zær luvd mi; ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæt, ij
 redzois æt it; æz hi wæz vælǣnt, ij onor him;
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisiūs, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz
 for hiz luv; dzo: for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisiōn. hwu: iz he:r 30
 so bæ:s ðæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;
 for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud ðæt
 wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him
 hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl ðæt wil not 35
 luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-
 ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

.
 æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi
 iur e:rz;

ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.
 ðe i:vil ðæt men du: livz æfter ðem; 80
 ðe gud iz oft intered wið ðæir bo:nz;
 so let it bi: wi se:zær. ðe no:b,l briutus
 hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:
 if it we:r so; it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,
 ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it. 85
 he:r, under le:v ov briutus ænd ðe rest—
 for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;
 so ær ðæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—
 kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.
 hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dʒust tu mi:: 90
 but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,
 hwu:z rænsomz did ðe dʒen(e)ræl koferz fil:
 did ðis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us? 95
 hwen ðæt ðe pu:r hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

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 But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
 He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
 95 Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?
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den ðæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men? æz se: 25
 zær luvd mi; ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæt, ij
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 but, æz hi wæz æmbisiūs, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz
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 so let it bi: wi se:zær. ðe no:b,l briutus
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 if it we:r so; it wæz æ gri:vus fault,
 ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it. 85
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 kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.
 hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dʒust tu mi: 90
 but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,
 hwu:z rænsomz did ðe dʒen(e)ræl koferz fil:
 did ðis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us? 95
 hwen ðæt ðe pu:r hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

100 You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
 Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious:
 And sure he is an Honourable man.

105 I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
 You all did loue him once, not without cause,
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
 O Iudgement! thou art¹ fled to brutish Beasts,
 110 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

.
 But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
 Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,

125 And none so poore to do him reuerence.
 O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

130 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his Clofset, 'tis his Will:

135 Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
 Which (pardon me)² I do not meane to reade,

¹ are.

² (Which pardon me).

æmbisiōn furd bi mæ:d ov sterner stuf:
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 iu a:l did si: dæt on de liuperkæl 100
 ij θrijs prezented him æ kinli kruwn,
 hwitf hi did θrijs refiuz: wæz dis æmbisiōn?
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
 ænd, siur, hi iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
 ij spe:k not tu dispru:v hwæt briutus spok, 105
 but he:r ij æm tu spe:k hwæt ij du kno:.
 iu a:l did luv him o:ns, not widuwt ka:z:
 hwæt ka:z wiθhouldz iu ðen, tu murn for him?
 o: d;ud;ment! duw ært fled tu briutif be:sts,
 ænd men hæv lost ðeir re:z,n. be:r wid mi:; 110
 mij hært iz in de kofin ðeir wid se:zær,
 ænd ij must pa:z til it kum bæk tu mi:.

 but jesterdæi de word ov se:zær mijt
 hæv stu(:)d ægæinst de world: nuw lijz hi ðeir,
 ænd no:n so pu:r tu du: him reverens. 125
 o: mæsterz, if ij we(:)r dispo:zd tu stur
 iur hærts ænd mijndz tu miutini ænd ræ:d;,
 ij furd du: briutus wroŋ, ænd kæsīus wroŋ,
 hwu:, iu a:l kno:, ær onoræb,l mæn.
 ij wil not du: dem wroŋ; ij ræder tfu:z 130
 tu wroŋ de ded, tu wroŋ mijself ænd iu,
 ðen ij wil wroŋ sutf onoræb,l mæn.
 but he:rz æ pærtfment wid de se:l ov se:zær;
 ij fuwnd it in hiz klozet, tiz hiz wil:
 let but ðe komonz he:r dis testæment— 135
 hwitf, pærdon mi:, ij du not me:n tu re:d—

And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
 140 And dying, mention it within their Willes,
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
 Vnto their issue.

.
 145 Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you:
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
 150 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

.
 Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
 155 I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
 Whole Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

.
 You will compell me then to read the Will:
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:
 Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

.
 If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember
 175 The first time euer *Cæsar* put it on,
 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
 That day he ouercame the *Nervij*.
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
 See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:
 180 Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,

ænd ðæi wu:ld go: ænd kis ded se:zærz wuwndz
 ænd dip ðæir næpkinz in hiz sæ:kred blud,
 je:, beg æ hæir ov him for memori,
 ænd, di:ij, mensi:on it widin ðæir wilz, 140
 bikwe:ði:ij it æz æ ritf legæsi
 untu ðæir isiu.

.
 hæ:v pæ:sïens, dzent,l frendz, ij must not re:d it; 145
 it iz not mi:t iu kno: huw se:zær luvd iu.
 iu ær not wud, iu ær not sto:nz, but men;
 ænd bi:ij men, he:ri:ij ðe wil ov se:zær,
 it wil inflæ:m iu, it wil mæ:k iu mæd:
 tiz gud iu kno: not ðæt iu ær hiz hæirz; 150
 for if iu fu:ld, o:, hwæt wu:ld kum ov it!

.
 wil iu bi pæ:sïent? wil iu stæi æhwijl?
 ij hæv o:rfo: mijsel: tu tel iu ov it: 155
 ij fe:r ij wro:ij ðe onoræb,l men
 hwu:z dægerz hæv stæbd se:zær; ij du fe:r it.

.
 iu wil kompel mi, ðen, tu re:d ðe wil?
 ðen mæ:k æ ri:ij æbuwt ðe korps ov se:zær,
 ænd let mi fo: iu him ðæt mæ:d ðe wil.
 fæl ij desend? ænd wil iu giv mi le:v?

.
 if iu hæv te:r:z, prepæ:r tu fed dem nuw.
 iu a:l du kno: dis mænt,l, ij remember
 ðe first tijm ever se:zær put it on 175
 twæz on æ sumerz i:vni:ij, in hiz tent,
 ðæt ðæi hi overkæ:m ðe nervi-ij:
 lurk, in ðis plæ:s ræn kæsi:us dæger ðru:z:
 si: hwæt æ rent ðe envïus kæskæ mæ:d:
 ðru:z ðis ðe wel-biluvæd briutus stæbd; 180

- And as he pluck'd his curled Steele away:
 Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
 If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:
- 185 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
 Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:
 This was the most vnkindest cut of all.
 For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
- 190 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
 Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
- 195 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
 Whil't bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.
 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
 The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
- 200 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.
-
- Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp
- 215 To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:
 They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
 What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,
 That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
 And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
- 220 I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

ænd æz hi plukt hiz kursed sti:l æwæi,
 mærk huw ðe blud ov se:zær foloud it,
 æz ruſiſ uwt ov do:rz, tu bi rezolvd
 if briutus so unkijndli knokt, or no:;
 for briutus, æz iu kno:, wæz se:zærz ændz,l: 185
 dzudz, o: iu godz, huw de:rli se:zær luvd him!
 ðis wæz ðe mo:st unkijndest kut ov a:l;
 for hwen ðe no:b,l se:zær sa: him stæb,
 ingrætitiud, mo:r stroſ ðen træitorz ærmz,
 kwijt væſkwijt him: ðen burst hiz mijti hært; 190
 ænd, in hiz mænt,l muflig up hiz fæ:s,
 i:vn æt ðe bæ:s ov pompæiz stætiue,¹
 hwitſ a:l ðe hwijl ræn blud, gre:t se:zær fel.
 o:, hwæt æ fa:l wæz ðe:r, mij kuntrimen!
 ðen ij, ænd iu, ænd a:l ov us fel duwn, 195
 hwijlst bludi tre:z,n fluriſt over us.
 o:, nuw iu wi:p; ænd, ij perse:v, iu fi:l
 ðe dint ov piti: ðe:z ær græ:sūs drops.
 kijnd soulz, hwæt, wi:p iu hwen iu but bihould
 uwr se:zærz vestiur wuwnded? luk iu he:r, 200
 he:r iz himself, mærd, æz iu si:, wið træitorz.

 gud frendz, swit frendz, let mi not stur iu up
 tu sutſ æ sudæin flud ov miutini. 215
 ðæi ðæt hæv dun ðis di:d ær onoræb,l:
 hwæt prijevæt gri:fs ðæi hæ:v, ælæs, ij kno: not,
 ðæt mæ:rd dem du:(i)t: ðæi (æ)r wijz ænd onoræb,l,
 ænd wil, no duwt, wið re:z,nz ænswer iu.
 ij kum not, frendz, tu ste:l æwæi iur hærts: 220
 ij æm no orætor, æz briutus iz;

¹ Or staty:æ; "statue" being treated as a *F.* word.
 Or else stætiuæ, i. e. "statua," the *L.* form.

but, æz iu kno: mi a:l, æ plæin blunt mæn,
 ðæt luv mij frend; ænd ðæt ðæi kno: ful wel
 ðæt gæ:v mi publik le:v tu spe:k ov him:
 for ij hæv ne:der wit, nor wordz, nor wurð, 225
 æksion, nor ut(e)ræns, nor ðe puwr ov spe:tʃ,
 tu stur menz blod: ij o:nli spe:k rijt on;
 ij tel iu ðæt hwitʃ iu iurselvz du kno:;
 ʃo: iu swit se:zærz wuwndz, pu:r pu:r dum
 muwðz,
 ænd bid ðem spe:k for mi:: but we(:)r ij briutus, 230
 ænd briutus æntoni, ðer we(:)r æn æntoni
 wu:ld ruf,l up iur spir(i)ts ænd put æ tuŋ
 in ev(e)ri wuwnd ov se:zæz ðæt ʃu:ld mu:v
 ðe sto:nz ov ru:m tu rijz ænd miutini.

FROM MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE III.

[thunder. enter ðe θri: witʃez.]

first witʃ.] hwe:r hæst duw bi:n, sister?

sekond witʃ.] kiliŋ swijn.

θird witʃ.] sister, hwe:r duw?

first witʃ.] æ sæilorz wijf hæd tʃes(t)nuts in her læp
 ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt:—"giv
 mi:," kwoθ ij. 5

"æroint ði:, witʃ!" ðe rump-fed runion krijz.

her huzbændz tu ælepo: go:n, mæster od tijger:

but in æ siv ijl ðeder sæil,

- And like a Rat without a tayle,
 10 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
 2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
 1. Th'art kinde.
 3. And I another.
 1. I my felfe haue all the other,
 15 And the very Ports they blow,
 All the Quarters that they know,
 I'th' Ship-mans Card.
 I will¹ dreyne him drie as Hay:
 Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
 20 Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
 He shall liue a man forbid:
 Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
 Though his Barke cannot be loft,
 25 Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.
 Looke what I haue.
 2. Shew me, shew me.
 1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
 Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
 30 3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
 Macbeth doth come.
 All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the Sea and Land,
 Thus doe goe, about, about,
 35 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
 Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

* * *

¹ Ile.

ænd, lijk æ ræt widuwt æ tæil,
 ijl du:, ijl du:, ænd ijl du:. 10
 sekond witsf.] ijl giv di æ wijnd.
 first witsf.] dært kijnd.
 θird witsf.] ænd ij ænuder.
 first witsf.] ij mijselƿ hæ:v a:l de uder,
 ænd de veri ports dæi blo:, 15
 a:l de kwærterz dæt dæi kno:
 id fipmænz kærd.
 ij wil dræin him drij æz hæi:
 sli:p fæl ne:der nijt nor dæi
 hæŋ upon hiz pent-huws lid; 20
 hi fæl liv æ mæn forbid:
 we:ri sevnijts nijn tijmz nijn
 fæl hi dwind,l, pe:k ænd pijn:
 ðou hiz bærk kænot bi lost,
 jit it fæl bi tempest-tost. 25
 lu:k hwæt ij hæ:v.
 sekond witsf.] fo: mi:, fo: mi:.
 first witsf.] he:r ij hæ:v æ pijlots θum,
 wrekt æz ho:mwærd hi did kum. [drum widin.
 θird witsf.] æ drum, æ drum! 30
 mækbeθ duθ kum.
 a:l.] de wæiƿærd sisterz, hænd in hænd,
 po:sterz ov de se: ænd lænd,
 ðus du go: æbuwt, æbuwt:
 θrijs tu ðijn ænd θrijs tu mijn 35
 ænd θrijs ægæin, tu mæ:k up nijn.
 pe:s! de tƿærmz wuwnd up.

*

*

*

ACT I. SCENE VII.

mækbeð.] if it we(:)r dun hwen tiz dun, den
twe(:)r wel

it we(:)r dun kwikli: if ðæsæsina:sion
ku:ld træm,l up ðe konsekwens, ænd kætf
wið hiz surse:s sukses; ðæt but ðis blo:
mijt bi ðe bi:a:l ænd ðe end-a:l: he:r, 5
but he:r, upon ðis bæŋk ænd sku:l ov tijm,
wi:ld dʒump ðe lijf tu kum. but in ðe:z kæ:sez
wi stil hæv dʒudʒment he:r; ðæt wi but te:tf
bludi instruksionz, hwitf, bi:ŋ ta:t, return
tu plæ:ʒ dinventor: ðis i:v,n-hænded dʒustis 10
komendz dingre:ðiens ov uwr poiz,nd tfælis
tu uwr oun lips. hi:z he:r in dub,l trust;
first, æz ij æm hiz kinzmæn ænd hiz subdʒekt,
stroŋ bo:θ ægæinst ðe di:d; ðen, æz hiz ho:st,
hwu: fu:ld ægæinst hiz murderer fut ðe do:r, 15
not be:r ðe knijf mijself. bisijdz, ðis dun:kæn
hæθ born hiz fækultiz so mi:k, hæθ bi(:)n
so kle:r in hiz gre:t ofis, ðæt hiz vertiuz
wil ple:d lijk ændʒelz, trumpet-tuŋd, ægæinst
ðe di:p dæmnæ:sion ov hiz tæ:kiŋ-of; 20
ænd piti, lijk æ næ:ked niu-born bæ:b,
strijdij ðe blæst, or he(:)v,nz tferiubin, horst
upon ðe sijtles kurʔorz¹ ov ðe æir,
fæl blo: ðe horid di:d in ev(e)ri ij,
ðæt te:rz fæl druwn ðe wijnd. ij hæ:v no spur 25
tu prik ðe sijdz ov mij intent, but o:nli
va:ltiŋ æmbisioŋ, hwitf o:rle:ps itself
ænd fa:lz on ðuder.—huw nuw! hwæt niuz?

¹ kurʔerz.

La. He has almost supt: why haue you left
the chamber?

30 *Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this
Buſiſſe:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their neweſt glosſe,
35 Not caſt aſide ſo ſoone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
40 To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou haue that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
45 Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do¹ more, is none.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE I.

Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:
35 I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

¹ no.

læ:di.] hi hæz¹ a:lmo:st supt: hwij hæv iu left
de tʃæmber?

mækbeθ]. hæθ hi æskt for mi? 30

læ:di.] kno: iu not hi hæz?

mækbeθ.] wi wil prosi:d no furder in dis biznes:

hi hæθ² onord mi: ov læ:t, ænd ij hæv bout
gould,n opinjonz from a:l sorts ov pi:p,l,
hwitf wu:ld bi worn nuw in ðæir niuest glos,
not kæst æsijd so su:n.

læ:di.] wæz ðe ho:p drun:k

hwe:rin iu drest iurself? hæθ it slept sins?

ænd wæ:ks it nuw, tu lʊ:k so grɪ:n ænd pæ:l

æt hwæt it did so fri:li? from ðis tījm

sutſ ij ækuwnt ðij luv. ært ðuw æfe:rd

tu bi de sæ:m in dijn oun ækt ænd vælor

æz ðuw ært in deziɹ? wu:ldst ðuw hæ:v dæt

hwitſ duw esti:mst de ornæment ov lijf,

ænd liv æ kuwærd in dijn oun estim,

letin "ij dæ:r not" wæit upon "ij wu:ld,"

lijk de pur kæt id ædæ(:)dz?

mækbeθ.] pridi:, pe:s:

ij dæ:r du: a:l ðæt mæi bikum æ mæn:

hwu: dæ:rz du: mo:r iz no:n.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE I.

iz ðis æ dæger hwitſ ij si: bifo:r mi:,

de hænd, l to:rd mij hænd? kum, let mi klutſ di:.

ij hæ:v ði: not, ænd jít ij si: ði: stil.

¹ hi:z. ² hi:θ.

Art thou not fatall Vifion, fenfible
 To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but
 A Dagger of the Minde, a falfe Creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppreffed Braine?
 40 I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'lt me the way that I was going,
 And fuch an Inftrument I was to vfe.
 Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences?
 45 Or elfe worth all the reft: I fee thee ftill;
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
 Which was not fo before. There's no fuch thing:
 It is the bloody Bufineffe, which informes
 Thus to mine Eyes

* *
 *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Macb.
 How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not fo ficke my Lord,
 As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
 That keepe her from her reft.
Macb. Cure her of¹ that:
 40 Can'ft thou not Miniſter to a minde diſeas'd,
 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
 And with ſome ſweet Obluiouſ Antidote
 Cleanſe the ſtuftt boſome, of that perillous ſtuftt
 45 Which weighes vpon the heart?

¹ Cure of.

ært ðuw not, fæ:tæl vizion, sensib,l
 tu fi:liŋ æz tu sijt? or ært ðuw but
 æ dæger ov ðe mijnd, æ fa:ls kreæ:sion,
 prosi:diŋ from ðe heit-opresed bræin?
 ij si: ði: jit, in form æz pælpæb,l 40
 æz ðis hwitf nuw ij dra:.
 ðuw mærfælst mi ðe wæi ðæt ij wæz goiŋ;
 ænd sutf æn instriment ij wæz tu iuz.
 mijn ijz ær mæ:d ðe fu:lz o ðuðer sensez,
 or els wurð a:l ðe rest; ij si: ði: stil, 45
 ænd on ðij blæ:d ænd dudzon guwts ov blud,
 hwitf wæz not so: bifo:r. ðerz no: sutf ðiŋ:
 it iz ðe bludi biznes hwitf informz
 ðus tu mijn ijz

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

mækbeð.]
 huw duz iur pæ:sient, doktor?
 doktor.] not so sik, mij lord,
 æz fi iz trub,ld wið ðik-kumiŋ fænsiz,
 ðæt ki:p her from her rest.
 mækbeð.] kiur her ov ðæt.
 kænst ðuw not min(i)ster tu æ mijnd dize:zd, 40
 pluk from ðe memori æ ru:ted soror,
 ræ:z uwt ðe writ,n trub,lz ov ðe bræin
 ænd wið sum swi:t oblivius æntido:t
 klens ðe stuft bu(:)zom ov ðæt per(i)lus stuf
 hwitf wæiz upon ðe hært? 45

FROM HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

OH that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 130 Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dew:
 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-flaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
 135 Fie on't! Oh fie,¹ 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in
 Nature
 Possesse it meere. That it should come to this:
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
 140 *Hieron* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
 That he might not beteeme² the windes of heauen
 Visitt her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth!³
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 145 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she,
 150 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine
 Vnkle,
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

¹ Fie on't? Oh fie, fie *F*, Fie on't, ah fie, *Q*₂. ² be-
 teene *F*, beteeme *Q*₂. ³ No stop *Q*₂*F*.

FROM HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

o:; ðæt ðis tu: tu: solid fleʃ wu:ld melt,
 θa: ænd rezolv itself intʊ æ deu! 130

or ðæt ðe everlæsting hæd not fikst
 hiz kænʊn gæinst self-sla:ter! o god! o god!
 huw we:ri, stæ:l, flæt ænd unprofitæb,l
 si:mz tu mi a:l ðe iusez ov dis world!
 fij ont! o: fij! tiz æn unwi:ded gærd,n 135
 ðæt grouz tu si:d; θiŋz ræŋk ænd gro:s in
 næ:tiur

pozes it mi:rli. ðæt it fu:ld kum tu dis!
 but tu: munθs ded: næi, not so mutʃ, not tu:;
 so ekselent æ kiŋ: ðæt wæz, tu ðis,
 hijpe:rion tu æ sæ:tir; so luviŋ tu mij muder 140

ðæt hi miŋt not bitim ðe wiŋdz ov he(:)vn
 vizit her fæ:s tu rufli. he(:)vn ænd e(:)rθ!
 must ij remember? hwij, ʃi wu:ld hæŋ on him,
 æz if inkre:s ov æpetijt hæd groun
 bij hwæt it fed on: ænd jīt, wiðin æ munθ— 145

let mi not θiŋk ont—fræilti, diŋ næ:m iz wumæn!—
 æ lit,l munθ, or e:r ðo:z fu:z wer ould
 wið hwitʃ ʃi foloud mij pu:r fæðerz bodi,
 lijk nijobe:, a:l te:rz:—hwij ʃi, i:vn ʃi:—
 o: he(:)vn! æ be:st, ðæt wænts disku:rs ov re:z,n, 150
 wu:ld hæv murnd logger—mærid wið miŋ unŋk,l,

mij fæðerz bruder, but no mo:r lijk mij fæðer
 ðen ij tu herkiule:z: wiðin æ munθ:

Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
 155 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married.

* *

ACT I. SCENE III.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
 60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
 65 Of each new hatch't,¹ vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
 Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
 Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:
 70 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
 And they in France of the best ranck and station,
 Are most² select and generous chief³ in that.
 75 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
 This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

* *

¹ vn hatch't *F*, new hatcht *Q*₂. ² Are of a most. ³ cheff.

e:r jit ðe sa:lt ov mo:st unrihtūs te:rz
 hæd left ðe flufiŋ ov her ga:led i:z, 155
 ji mærid.

* *

ACT I. SCENE III.

giv di: θouts no: tuŋ,
 nor æni unproporsiond θout hiz ækt. 60
 bi: duw fæmilīær, but bi: no: me:nz vulgær.
 ðe frendz ðuw hæst, ænd ðæir ædopsion trijd,
 græp,l dem tu di: soul wið hu:ps ov sti:l;
 but du: not dul di: pa:m wið entertæinment
 ov ertf niu-hætft, unfledzd komræ:d. biwæ:r 65
 ov entræns tu æ kwærel, but bi:(i)ŋ in,
 be:rt ðæt dopo:zed mæi biwæ:r ov di:.
 giv ev(e)ri mæn di:n e:r, but feu di: vois;
 tæ:k_ertf mænz sensiur, but rezerv di: dzudzment.
 kostli di: hæbit æz di: purs kæn bi:, 70
 but not eksprest in fænsi; ritf, not ga:di;
 for ðe æpærel oft proklæimz ðe mæn,
 ænd ðæi in fræns ov ðe best ræŋk ænd stæ:sion
 ær mo:st selekt ænd dzen(e)rus, tʃi:f in ðæt.
 ne:der æ borðer, nor æ lender bi:; 75
 for lo:n oft lu:zez bo:θ itself ænd frend,
 ænd borðiŋ dulz ðe edz ov huzbændri.
 dis æbuv a:l: tu di:n oun self bi: triu,
 ænd it must folo:, æz ðe ni:jt ðe dæi,
 duw kænst not den bi fa:ls tu æni mæn. 80

* *

ACT III. SCENE I.

To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
 Or to take Armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
 60 And by oppoſing end them: to dye, to ſleepe,
 No more; and by a ſleepe, to lay we end
 The Heart-ake, and the thouſand Naturall ſhockes
 That Fleſh is heyre too? 'Tis a conſummation
 Deuoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye, to ſleepe,
 65 To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
 For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come,
 When we haue ſhuffel'd¹ off this mortall coile,
 Muſt giue vs pawſe. There's the reſpect
 That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
 70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
 The Oppreſſors wrong, the proude² mans Contumely,
 The pangs of diſpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
 The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
 75 When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles
 beare
 To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life,
 But that the dread of ſomething after death,
 The vndiſcouered Countrey, from whoſe Borne
 80 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare thoſe illes we haue,
 Then flye to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of vs all,
 And thus the Natiue hew of Reſolution

¹ ſhuffel'd.² poore *F*, proude *Q*₂.

ACT III. SCENE I.

tu bi:, or not tu bi:: ðæt iz ðe kwestiōn:
 hweder tiz no:bler in ðe mijnd tu sufer
 ðe slingz ænd ærouz ov uwtræ:dȝiūs fortiun,
 or tu tæ:k ærmz ægæinst æ se: ov trub,lz,
 ænd bij opo:ziȝ end ðem. tu diȝ: tu sli:p; 60
 no mo:r; ænd bij æ sli:p tu sæi wi end
 ðe hært-æ:k ænd ðe ðuwzænd nætiuræl foks
 ðæt fleš iz hæir tu:, tiz æ konsumæ:sion
 devuwtli tu bi wiȝt. tu diȝ, tu sli:p;
 tu sli:p: pertfæns tu dre:m: ij, ðe:rz ðe rub; 65
 for in ðæt sli:p ov de(:)θ hwæt dre:mz mæi kum
 hwen wi hæv suf,ld of ðis mortæl koil,
 must giv us pa:z: ðe(:)rz ðe respekt
 ðæt mæ:ks kælæmiti ov so loȝ lijf;
 for hwu: wu:ld be:r ðe hwips ænd skornz ov tijm, 70
 ðopresorz wroȝ, ðe pruwð mænz kontium(e)li,
 ðe pænȝ ov disprijzd luv, ðe la:z delæi,
 ðe insolens ov ofis ænd ðe spurnz
 ðæt pæ:sient merit ov d(e) unwurdi tæ:ks,
 hwen hi himself mijt hiz kwijertus mæ:k 75
 wid æ bæ:r bodkin? hwu: wu:ld ðe:z færd,lz be:r,

tu grunt ænd swe(:)t under æ we:ri lijf,
 but ðæt ðe dre(:)d ov sumθiȝ æfter de(:)θ,
 ðe undiskuverd kuntri from hwu:z born
 no træveler returnz, puz,lz ðe wil 80
 ænd mæ:ks us ræder be:r ðo:z ilz wi hæ:v
 ðen flij tu uderz ðæt wi kno: not ov?
 ðus konsiens ðuz mæ:k kuwærdz ov us a:l;
 ænd ðus ðe næ:tiv hiu ov rezolusiōn

85 Is licklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their Currants turne away,
 And loofe the name of Action.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE II.

Ham. SPEAKE the Speech I pray you, as I
 pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue:
 But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do,
 I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines:
 5 Nor do not law the Ayre too much with¹ your
 hand thus, but vse all gently: for in the verie
 Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may lay) the Whirle-
 winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a
 Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it
 10 offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-
 wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie
 ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who
 (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but
 inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noyse: I could haue
 15 such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your
 owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action
 20 to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this
 speciall obseruance: That you ore-*step*² not the
 modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done,
 is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at

¹ with *om. F*, with *Qq*. ² ore-*step F*, ore-*steppe Q2*.

iz siklid o:r wid ðe pæ:l kæst ov θout, 85
 ænd enterprijez ov gre:t piθ ænd mo:ment
 wid ðis regærd ðæir kurænts turn æwæi,
 ænd lu:z ðe næ:m ov æksion.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE II.

hæmlet.] spe:k ðe spi:tʃ, ij præi iu, æz ij
 pronuwnst it tu iu, tripiŋli on ðe tuŋ: but if
 iu muwð it, æz mæni ov iur plæierz du:, ij hæd
 æz liv ðe tuwn-krijer hæd spo:k mij lijnz. nor
 du: not sa: ðe æir tu: mutʃ wid iur hænd, dus, 5
 but iuz a:l dʒentli; for in ðe veri torent, tem-
 pest, ænd æz ij mæi sæi, ðe hwirl-wjnd ov
 pæsion, iu must ækwijr ænd biget æ temperæns
 ðæt mæi giv it smu:ðnes. o:, it ofendz mi tu
 ðe soul tu si: æ robusti:us periwig-pæ:ted felo: 10
 te:r æ pæsion tu tæterz, tu veri rægz, tu split
 ðe e:rz ov ðe gruwndliŋz, hwu: for ðe mo:st
 pært ær kæ:pæb,l ov nuθiŋ but ineksplikæb,l dum-
 souz ænd noiz: ij ku:ld hæ:v sutʃ æ felo: hwipt
 for o:rduiŋ termægænt; it uwt-herodz herod: præi
 iu, ævoid it.

plæier.] ij wærænt iur onor.

hæmlet.] bi: not tu: tæ:m ne:der, but let iur
 oun diskresion bi: iur tiutor: siut ðe æksion 20
 tu ðe word, ðe word tu ðe æksion; wid ðis
 spesjæl observæns, ðæt iu o:rstep not ðe mo-
 desti ov næ:tiur: for æni θiŋ so: overdun iz
 from ðe purpois ov plæiŋ, hwu:z end, bo:θ æt

the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the
 25 Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne
 Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age
 and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now,
 this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make
 the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious
 30 greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your
 allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh,
 there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard
 others praise, and that highly (not to speake it
 prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of
 35 Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man,¹
 haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought
 some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and
 not made them well, they imitated Humanity so
 abhominably.

40 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indiffe-
 rently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those
 that play your Clownes, speake no more then is
 set downe for them. For there be of them, that
 45 will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of
 barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane
 time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to
 be confidered: that's Villanous, and shewes a most
 pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go
 50 make you readie.

* *

¹ or Norman *F*, nor man *Q*₂.

ðe first ænd nuw, wæz ænd iz, tu ho:ld, æz twe(:)r,
 ðe miror up tu næ:tiur; tu fo: vertiu her oun²⁵ .
 fe:tiur, skorn her oun imædz, ænd ðe veri æ:dz
 ænd bodi ov ðe tijm hiz form ænd presiur. nuw
 dis overdun, or kum tærði of, ðou it mæ:k ðe
 unskilful læf, kænnot but mæ:k ðe dʒiudisiʊs gri:v;
 ðe sensiur ov ðe hwitʃ o:n must in iur æluwæns³⁰
 o:r wæi æ ho:l ðe:æter ov uderz. o:, ðer bi
 plæierz ðæt ij hæv si:n plæi, ænd hærð uderz
 præiz, ænd ðæt hijli, not tu spe:k it profæ:nli,
 ðæt, ne:ðer hæ:viŋ ðe æksent ov kristiænz nor
 ðe gæ:t ov kristiæn, pæ:gæn, nor mæn, hæv so:³⁵
 struted ænd beloud ðæt ij hæv θout sum ov
 næ:tiurz dʒurnimen hæd mæ:d men ænd not
 mæ:d ðem wel, ðæi imitæ:ted hiu mæniti so:
 æbominæbli.

plæier.] ij ho:p wi hæv reformd ðæt indife-⁴⁰
 rentli wið us, sir.

hæmlet.] o:, reform it a:ltugeder. ænd let
 do:z ðæt plæi iur kluwnz spe:k no: mo:r ðen iz
 set duwn for ðem; for ðer bi: ov ðem ðæt wil
 demselvz læf, tu set on sum kwæntiti ov bæren⁴⁵
 spektæ:torz tu læf tu;; ðou in ðe me:n tijm,
 sum nesesæri kwæstion ov ðe plæi bi: ðen tu bi
 konsiderd: ðæts vilænus, ænd fouz æ mo:st
 pitiful æmbisiõ in ðe ful ðæt iuzez it. go:,
 mæ:k iu re(:)di.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE V.

How should I your true loue know
From another one?

25 By his Cockle hat and staffe,
And his Sandal shoone.¹

He is dead and gone Lady,
30 He is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe,
At his heeles a stone.²

35 White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow,
Larded with sweet flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did go,³
With true-loue showres.

FROM KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

BLOW windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown'd⁴ the
Cockes.

You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
5 Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

.

¹ *Ll. 23 to 26 two lines.* ² *Ll. 29 to 32 two lines.*

³ did not go *QqF*. ⁴ drown *F*, drown'd *Q*.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

huw fu:ld ij iur triu-luv kno:
 from ænuder o:n?
 bij hiz kok,l hæ:t ænd stæf, 25
 ænd hiz sændæl fu:n.

 hi iz ded ænd go:n, læ:di,
 hi iz ded ænd go:n; 30
 æt hiz hed æ græs-grin turf,
 æt hiz hi:lz æ sto:n.

 hwijt hiz fruwd æz ðe muwntæin sno:, 35
 lærded wið swi:t fluwrz;
 hwitf biwept tu ð(e) græ:v did go:
 wið triu-luv fuwrz.

FROM KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

blo:, wijndz, ænd kræk iur tʃi:ks! ræ:dz! blo:!
 iu kætærækts ænd hurikæ:no:z, spuwt
 til iu hæv drentʃt uwr sti:p,lz, druwnd ðe koks!

iu sulfrus ænd θout-eksekiutiŋ fijrz,
 va:nt-kurʃorz ov o:k-kle:viŋ θunder-boults, 5
 sindz mij hwijt hed! ænd duw, a:l-fæ:kiŋ θunder,
 strijk flæt ðe θik rotunditi oð world!
 kræk næ:tiurz mouldz, a:l dʒermæinz spil æt o:ns,
 ðæt mæ:ks ingræ:tful mæn.

.

Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
 15 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
 20 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
 Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainst a head
 So old, and white as this.

* *

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

HOW fearefull

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
 The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
 Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
 15 Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
 Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
 The Fisher-men, that walke¹ vpon the beach
 Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
 Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
 20 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
 That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
 Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,
 Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
 Topple downe headlong.

* *

¹ walk'd *F*, walke *Q*.

rumb,l dij beliful! spit, fijr! spuwt, ræin!
 nor ræin, wijnd, thunder, fijr, ær mij darterz: 15
 ij tæks not iu, iu el(e)ments, wid unkijndnes;
 ij never gærv iu kiḡdum, ka:ld iu tʃildren,
 iu o: mi no: subskripsion: den let fa:l
 iur hor(i)bl ple(:)ziur; he:r ij stænd, iur slæ:v,
 æ pur, infirm, we:k, ænd dispijzd ould mæn: 20
 but jit ij ka:l iu servil ministerz,
 dæt wil wid tu: perniʃius darterz dzoin
 iur hij indzenderd bæ:t,lz gæinst æ hed
 so ould ænd hwijt æz dis.

* *

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

huw fe:rful

ænd dizi tiz, tu kæst omz ijz so lo:!
 de krouz ænd tʃufs dæt wiŋ de midwæi æir
 ʃo: skærs so gro:s æz bi:t,lz: hæ:f wæi duwn
 hæŋz o:n dæt gæðerz sæmpijr, dre(:)dful træ:d! 15
 mi θiŋks hi si:mz no biger den hiz hed:
 de fiʃermen, dæt wa:k upon de be:tʃ,
 æpe:r lijk mijs; ænd jond ta:l æŋk(o)riŋ bærk,
 diminift tu her kok; her kok, æ bwoi
 a:lmo:st tu: sma:l for sijt: de murm(u)riŋ surdz, 20
 dæt on dunnumbred ijd,l peb,l tʃæ:fs,
 kænot bi hærd so hij. ijl lu:k no mo:r;
 le(:)st mij bræin turn, ænd de defisient sijt
 top,l duwn hedloŋ.

* *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lear. HOWLE, howle, howle, howle:¹ O you²
are men of stones,

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd vse them so,
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.

260 I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mift or staine the stone,
Why then she liues.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?³

Alb. Fall and cease.

265 *Lear.* This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
270 I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:
What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

.
305 *Lear.* And my poore Foole is hang'd: no,
no, no life?

Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,

¹ *The fourth howle in Q only.* ² *your.* ³ *Full stop.*

ACT V. SCENE III.

le:r.] huwl, huwl, huwl, huwl! o:, iu ær
men ov stornz:

hæd ij iur tunz ænd ijz, ijld iuz ðem so:
ðæt he(:)v,nz va:lt fu:ld kræk. fi:z go:n for ever!
ij kno: hwen o:n iz ded, ænd hwen o:n livz; 260
fi:z ded æz e(:)rθ. lend mi æ lu:kiŋ-glæs;
if ðæt her bre(:)θ wil mist or stæin ðe storn,
hwij, ðen fi livz.

kent.] iz dis ðe promist end?

edgær.] or imædz ov ðæt horor?

æ:l bæni.] fa:l, ænd se:s!

le:r.] dis feðer sturz; fi livz! if it bi: so:, 265
it iz æ tʃæns hwitʃ duz redi:m a:l sorouz
ðæt ever ij hæv felt.

kent.] o: mij gud mæster!

le:r.] pridi:, æwæi.

edgær.] tiz no:b,l kent, iur frend.

le:r.] æ plæ:g upon iu murð(e)rerz, træitorz a:l!
ij miȝt hæv sæ:vd her; nuw fi:z go:n for ever! 270
korde:lǣ, korde:lǣ, stæi æ lit,l. hæ:!
hwæt ist ðuw sæist? her vois wæz ever soft,
dʒent,l, ænd lo:, æn eks(e)lent θiŋ in wumæn.

.
le:r.] ænd mij pu:r fu:l iz hæŋd! no:, no:, 305
no: lijf!

hwij fu:ld æ dog, æ hors, æ ræt hæv lijf,
ænd ðuw no bre(:)θ æt a:l? ðuwl't kum no mo:r,
never, never, never, never, never!
præi iu, undu: ðis but,n: θæŋk iu, sir.

810 Do you see this? Looke on her!¹ Looke her lips,
 Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he
 hates him,

That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
 815 Stretch him out longer.

FROM OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III.

HER Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
 Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
 130 From yeare to yeare: the Battailes,² Sieges, Fortunes,³
 That I haue past.
 I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
 Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
 135 Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
 Of haire-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
 Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
 And sold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my Trauellours historie.
 140 Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
 Rough Quarries, Rocks, and⁴ Hills, whose heads⁵
 touch heauen,
 It was my hint to speake. Such was my Proceffe,

¹ her? ² Bataille. (*This and most other corrections from Q.*) ³ Fortune. ⁴ and om. ⁵ head.

du iu si: dis? lʊk on her, lʊk, her lips, 310
lʊk de:r, lʊk de:r!

edgær.] hi fæints! mij lord, mij lord!

kent.] bre:k, hært; ij pridiz, bre:k!

edgær.] lʊk up, mij lord.

kent.] veks not hiz go:st: o:, let him pæs!

hi: hæ:ts him

dæt wu:ld upon de wræk ov dis tuf world

stretʃ him uwt longær.

315

FROM OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III.

her fæder luvd mi:; oft invijted mi:;
stil kwestiōnd mi: de sto:ri ov mij lijf,
from je:r tu je:r, de bæ:t,lz, si:dʒez, fortiunz, 130
dæt ij hæv pæst.

ij ræn it θru:, i:v n from mij boiif dæiz,
tud veri mo:ment dæt hi bæd mi tel it;
hwe:rin ij spo:k ov mo:st dizæstrus tʃænses,
ov mu:viŋ æksidents bij flud ænd fi:ld, 135
ov hæir-bredθ skæ:ps id im(i)nent dedli bre:tʃ,
ov bi:iŋ tæ:k,n bij de ins(o)lent fo:

ænd sould tu slæ:v(e)ri, ov mij redempsiōn dens
ænd portæns in mij træv(e)lerz histori:
hwe:rin ov ænterz væst ænd dezærts ijd,l, 140
ruf kwæriz, roks ænd hilz hwu:z hedz tutʃ he(i)v,n,

it wæz mij hint tu spe:k,—sutʃ wæz mij pro:ses;

ænd ov ðe kænibælz ðæt e:ʃ uderz e:t,
 ðe ænθropofædzij, ænd men hwu:z hedz
 du gro: bine:ð¹ ðæir ʃoulderz. ðe:z θiŋz tu he:r 145

wu:ld dezdemo:næ se:rʃusli inkliŋ:
 but stil ðe huws æfæirz wu:ld dra: her dens:
 hwitʃ ever æz ʃi ku:ld wið hæ:st dispætʃ,
 ʃi:ld kum ægæin, ænd wið æ gre:di e:r
 devuwr up mij disku:rs: hwitʃ ij obzerviŋ, 150
 tu:k o:ns æ plijænt uwr, ænd fuwnd gud me:nz
 tu dra: from her æ præir ov ernest hært
 ðæt ij wu:ld a:l mij pilgrimædz dilæ:t,
 hwe:rov bij pærs,lz ʃi hæd sumθiŋ hærd,
 but not intentivli. ij did konsent, 155
 ænd oft,n did biŋiʃl her ov her te:rz,
 hwen ij did spe:k ov sum distresful stro:k
 ðæt mij jiuθ suferd. mij sto:ri bi:ŋ dun,
 ʃi gæ:v mi for mij pæinz æ world ov si:z:
 ʃi swo:r, in fæiθ, twæz strændz, twæz pæsiŋ strændz, 160
 twæz pitiful, twæz wundrus pitiful:
 ʃi wiʃt ʃi hæd not hærd it, jit ʃi wiʃt
 ðæt he(:)vn hæd mæ:d her sutʃ æ mæn: ʃi θæŋkt
 mi:,

ænd bæd mi:, if ij hæd æ frend ðæt luvd her,
 ij ʃu:ld but te:tʃ him huw tu tel mij sto:ri, 165
 ænd ðæt wu:ld wu: her. upon ðis hint ij spæ:k:
 ʃi luvd mi: for ðe dændzerz ij hæd pæst,
 ænd ij luvd her ðæt ʃi did piti ðem.
 ðis o:nli iz ðe witʃ-kræft ij hæv iuzd.

* *

¹ Or bine:θ.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

ALAS *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

- 150 Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
 I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
 If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,
 Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,
 Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
 155 Delighted them in any¹ other Forme,
 Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
 And euer will, (though he do shake me off
 To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
 Comfort forweare me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
 160 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
 But neuer taynt my Loue.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

- 840 I PRAY you in your Letters,
 When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
 Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
 Nor set downe ought in malice. Then must you
 speake,²
 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
 845 Of one, not easily lealious, but being wrought,
 Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
 (Like the base Indean threw a Pearle away
 Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd
 Eyes,
 Albeit vn-vfed to the melting moode,

¹ them: or any.

² Then . . . speake, *a new line*.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

ælaes, iæ:go:,

hwæt fæl ij du: tu win mij lord ægæin?
 gud frend, go: tu him; for, bij ðis lijt ov he(:)vn, 150
 ij kno: not huw ij lost him. he:r ij kni:l:
 if e:r mij wil did trespæs gæinst hiz luv,
 e:ð(e)r¹ in disku:rs ov θout or æktīūæl di:d,
 or ðæt mijn ijz, mijn e:rz, or æni sens,
 delijted ðem in æni uder form; 155
 or ðæt ij du: not jit, ænd ever did,
 ænd ever wil—ðou hi du fæ:k mi of
 tu begerli divorsment—luv him de:rli,
 kumfort forswær mi:! unkiyndnes mæi du: mutf;
 ænd hiz unkiyndnes mæi defe:t mij lijf, 160
 but never tæint mij luv.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

ij præi iu, in iur leterz, 340

hwen iu fæl ðe:z unluki di:dz relæ:t,
 spe:k ov mi: æz ij æm; noθiŋ ekstenīūæt,
 nor set duwn out in mælis: ðen must iu spe:k

ov o:n ðæt luvd not wijzli but tu: wel;
 ov o:n not e:z(i)li dzeliūs, but bi:iŋ wrout 345
 perplekst in ðe ekstre:m; ov o:n hwu:z hænd,
 lijk ðe bæ:s indīæn, θriu æ perl æwæi
 ritfer ðen a:l hiz trijb; ov o:n hwu:z subdiud ijz,

a:lbi:(i)t uniuzed tu ðe meltiŋ mu:d,

¹ *Hardly* e:r.

350 Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
 Their Medicinable gumme.

 I kift thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
 Killing my felfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
 Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
 Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
 The Windes were Loue-licke with them. The Owers
 were Siluer,¹
 200 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person
 It beggerd all discription, she did lye
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
 205 O're-picturing that Venus,² where we see
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
 With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
 To glow³ the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
 210 And what they vndid did.

.
 Her Gentlewomen,⁴ like the Nereides,
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,

¹ Loue-licke. With them the Owers were Siluer
 (With *beginning a new line*). ² Venns. ³ gloue.

⁴ Gentlewoman.

drops teirz æz fæst æz ðe æræ:bǣn tri:z 350
ðæir med(i)sinæb,l gum.

.
ij kist di: er ij kild di:: no: wæi but di:s;
kiliŋ mijself, tu diŋ upon æ kis.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

ðe bærdz ŋi sæt in, lijk æ burnift θro:n,
burnt on ðe wæter: ðe purp wæz bert,n gould;
purp,l ðe sæilz, ænd so: perfumed ðæt
ðe wiŋdz wer luv-sik wið ðem; d(e) o:rz wer silver,

hwitŋ tu ðe tiun ov fliuts kept stro:k, ænd mæ:d 200
ðe wæter hwitŋ ðæi bert tu folo: fæster,
æz æm(o)rus ov ðæir stro:ks. for her oun person,
it begerd a:l deskripsiön: ŋi did liŋ
in her pævilion—kloθ ov gould ov tisiu—
o:r-piktiuriŋ ðæt ve:nus hwe:r wi si: 205
ðe fænsi uwtwurk næ:tiur: on e:tŋ sijd her
stu(:)d priti dimp,ld boiz, lijk smijliŋ kiupidz,
wið dijvers-kulord fænz, hwu:z wiŋd did si:m
tu glou ðe del(i)kæ(:)t tŋi:ks hwitŋ ðæi did ku:l,
ænd hwæt ðæi undid did. 210

.
her dzent,lwi(:)men, lijk ðe nereidz,
so mæni mermæidz, tended her id iŋz,
ænd mæ:d ðæir bendz ædorniŋz: æt ðe helm

A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
 215 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
 A strange inuifible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast
 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
 220 Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
 Whiffling to th'ayre:¹ which but for vacancie,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
 And made a gap in Nature.

* *

ACT V. SCENE II.

GIVE me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more
 285 The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyft this lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I see him rowle himfelfe
 To praife my Noble Act. I heare him mock
 The lucke of *Cæſar*, which the Gods giue men
 290 To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
 Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
 I giue to baſer life. So, haue you done?
 Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

¹ to'th'ayre.

æ si:mij mermæid sti:rz: de silk,n tæk,l
 swel wið ðe tutʃez ov ðo:z fluwr-soft hændz, 215
 ðæt jærli fræ:m ðe ofis. from ðe bærdz
 æ strændz inviz(i)b,l perfium hits ðe sens
 ov ðe ædgæ:sent hwærfs. ðe siti kæst
 her pi:p,l uwt upon her; ænd æntoni,
 inθro:nd id mærket plæ:s, did sit ælo:n, 220
 hwis(t)lij tu ðæir; hwitʃ but for væ:kænsi,
 hæd go:n tu gæ:z on kle:opærter tu:
 ænd mæ:d æ gæp in næ:tiur.

* *

ACT V. SCENE II.

giv mi mij ro:b, put on mij kruwn; ij hæ:v
 imortæl longgijz in mi:: nuw no mo:r
 ðe dʒius ov e:dzipts græ:p ʃæl moist ðis lip: 285
 jær, jær, gud ijræs; kwik. miθijks ij he:r
 æntoni ka:l; ij si: him ruwz himself
 tu præiz mij no:b,l ækt; ij he:r him mok
 ðe luk ov se:zær, hwitʃ ðe godz giv men
 t(u) ekskiuz ðæir æfter wræθ: huzbænd, ij kum: 290
 nuw tu ðæt ne:m mij kurædz pru:v mij tijt,l!
 ij (æ)m fijr ænd æir; mij uder elements
 ij giv tu bæ:ser lijf. so:; hæv iu dun?
 kum ðen, ænd tæk ðe læst wærmθ ov mij lips.
 færwel, kijnd tʃærmæn; ijræs, loŋ færwel.

FROM CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Song.

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
 And Phœbus gins arise,
 His Steeds to water at those Springs
 25 On chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their Golden eyes
 With euery thing that pretty is,
 My Lady sweet arise:¹
 30 Arise, arise.

*

*

*

ACT III. SCENE IV.

COME Fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
 A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
 I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
 70 The innocent Manfion of my Loue (my Heart:)
 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better caule;
 75 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

.

Why, I must dye:
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-flaughter,
 There is a prohibition so Diuine,
 80 That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my
 heart:

¹ *Ll. 26 to 29 printed as two lines.*

FROM CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

hærk, hærk! de lærk æt he(:)vnz gært sinz,

ænd fe:bus ginz ærijz,

hiz sti:dz tu wæter æt do:z springz

on tʃælist fluwrz dæt lijz;

25

ænd wiŋkiŋ mæ:ri-budz bigin

tu o:p dæir Gould,n ijz:

wið ev(e)ri θiŋ dæt priti iz,

mij læ:di swi:t, ærijz:

ærijz, ærijz.

30

* * *

ACT III. SCENE IV.

kum, felo:, bi: duw onest:

du: duw diŋ mæsterz bidiŋ: hwen duw si:st him,

æ lit,l witnes mij obe:dðiens: luk!

ij dra: de sword mijsel:f: tæk it, ænd hit

de in(o)sent mænsion ov mij luv, mij hært:

70

fe:r not; tiz empti ov a:l θiŋz but gri:f:

diŋ mæster iz not de:r, hwu: wæz indi:d

de ritʃez ov it: du: hiz bidiŋ; strijk

duw mæist bi vælðænt in æ beter ka:z;

but nuw duw si:mst æ kuwærd.

75

.

hwij, ij must diŋ;

ænd if ij du: not biŋ diŋ hænd, duw ært

no: servænt ov diŋ mæsterz. ægæinst self-sla:ter

de:r iz æ prohibisio:n so: divijn

dæt kræ:v,nz mij we:k hænd. kum, he:rz mij hært. 80

Something's a-for't:¹ Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,
 85 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
 Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

* *

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,
 Nor the furious Winters rages,
 260 Thou thy worldly task hast don,
 Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
 Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
 As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,
 265 Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
 Care no more to cloath and eate,
 To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
 The Scepter, Learning, Phylicke must,
 All follow this and come to dust.

270 *Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.

Arui. Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.

Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

Arui. Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

¹ a-foot.

sumþingz æ-fo:rt. soft, soft! wi:l no: defens;
 obe:rdient æz ðe skæbæ:rd. hwæt iz he:r?
 ðe skriptiurz ov ðe lo:æl le:ona:tus,
 a:l turnd tu heresi? æwæi, æwæi,
 korupterz ov mij fæiθ! iu fæl no mo:r
 bi stum(æ)kerz tu mij hæ:rt. ðus mæi purr fu:lz
 bili:v fa:ls te:tfæ:rz: ðou ðo:z ðæt ær bitræid
 du fi:rl ðe tre:z,n fæ:rpli, jit ðe træitor
 stændz in wurs kæ:s ov wo:

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[son.]

gijde:rīus.] fēa no moa de hea oð sun,
nor de fiurīus winterz ræ:dgez;
ðu w dij worldli tæsk hæst dun, 260
ho:m ært go:n, ænd tæ:n dij wæ:dgez:
gould,n lædz ænd girlz a:l must,
æz tʃimni-swi:perz, kum tu dust.

ærvirægus.] feir no mo:r de fruwn oð gret;
 duw ært pæst de tijrænts stro:k; 265
 kær no mo:r tu klo:d ænd e:t;
 tu di: ðe ri:d iz æz ðe o:k:
 ðe septer, lerniñ, fizik, must
 a:l folo: ðis, ænd kum tu dust.

gijderius.] fe:r no mo:r ðe lijtniŋ-flæſ, 270
 ærviræguſ.] nor ða:l-dre(:)ded ðunder-ſto:n;
 gijderius.] fe:r not slænder, ſenſiur ræſ;
 ærviræguſ.] ðuw hæſt finiſt dzoi ænd mo:n:

Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,
275 Configne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,

Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghost vnlaide forbear thee.

Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.

280 *Both.* Quiet confumation haue,
And renowned be thy graue.

bo:θ.] a:l luverz juŋ, a:l luverz must
 konsijn tu di:, ænd kum tu dust. 275

gijde:rīus.] no: eksorsijzer hærm di:!

ærvirægus.] nor no witskræft tʃærm di:!

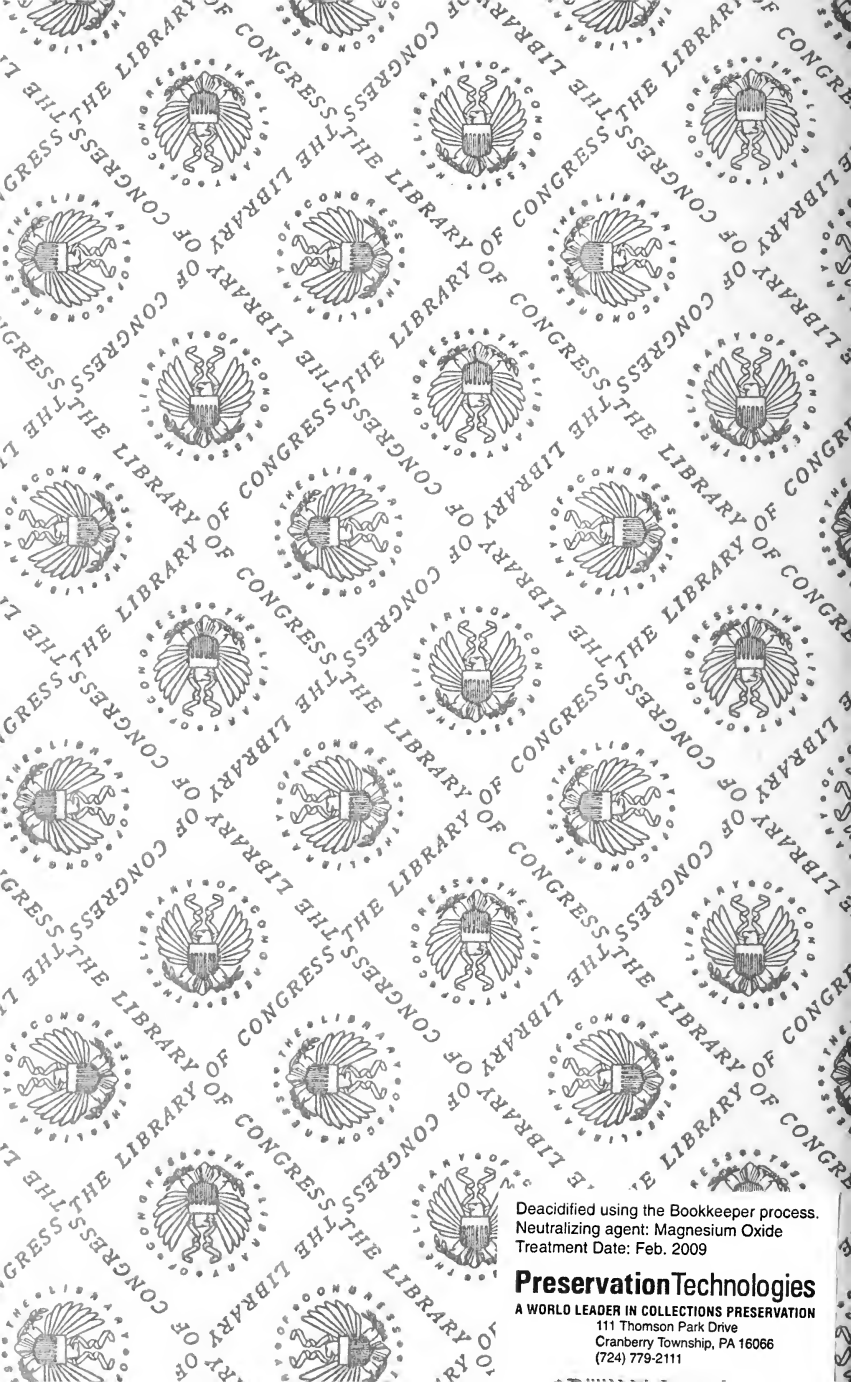
gijde:rīus.] go:st unlæid forber di:!

ærvirægus.] noθiŋ il kum ne:r di:!

bo:θ.] kwijet konsiumæ:sion hæ:v; 280
 ænd renuwned bi: diŋ græ:v!

MAR 11 1907



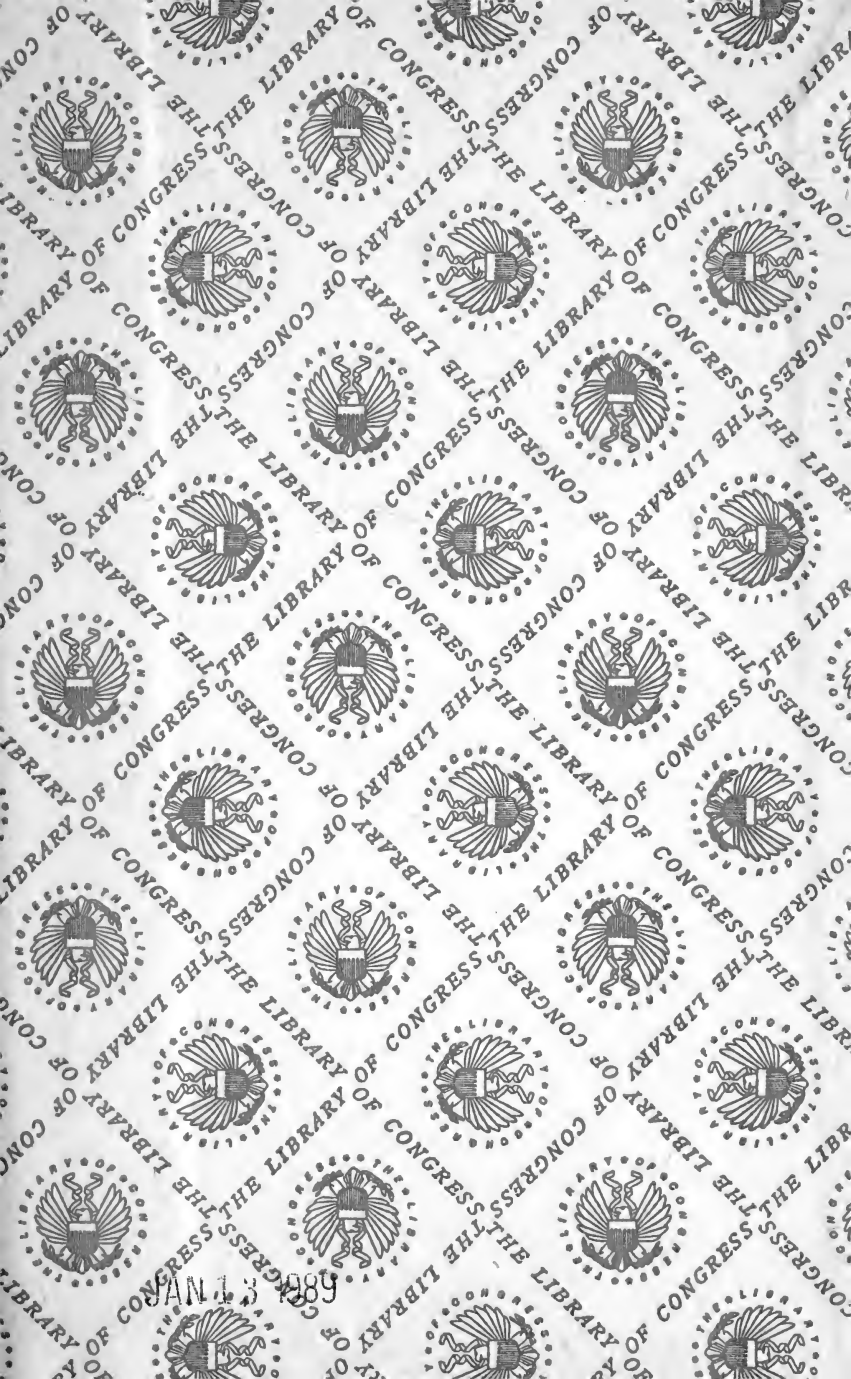


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